

BEADLE'S HALF DIME Library

Copyrighted in 1877, by BEADLE AND ADAMS.

Vol. I.

Single
Number.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
No. 98 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

Price,
5 Cents.

No. 18.

THE HISTORY OF Sindbad the Sailor.

IN the reign of the same caliph mentioned in the last story, namely, Haroun Alraschid, there lived in Bagdad a poor porter who was named Hindbad. One day during the excessive heats of summer, he was carrying a heavy load from one extremity of the city to the other, and being much fatigued by the length of the way he had already come, and having still much ground to traverse, he arrived in a street where the pavement was sprinkled with rose-water, and a gentle breeze refreshed the air. Delighted with this cool and pleasant situation, he placed his load on the ground, and took his station near a large mansion. The delicious scent of aloes and frankincense which issued from the windows, and, mixing with the rose-water, perfumed the air, together with a charming concert within, which was accompanied by the melody of the nightingales and other birds peculiar to the climate of Bagdad, and the smell of different sorts of viands, led him to suppose that some grand feast was given there. He wished to know whose residence it was; for, not having frequent occasion to pass that way, he was unacquainted with the names of the inhabitants. To satisfy his curiosity, therefore, he approached some servants who were standing magnificently dressed, at the door, and inquired who was the master of that mansion. "What!" replied the servant, "are you an inhabitant of Bagdad, and do not know that this is the residence of Sindbad the Sailor, that famous voyager, who has sailed over all the seas under the sun?" The porter, who had heard of the immense riches of Sindbad, could not help comparing his situation, which appeared so envia-

ble, with his own, which was so deplorable; and, distressed by the reflection, he raised his eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Almighty Creator of all things, be pleased to consider the difference that there is between Sindbad and myself: I suffer daily a thousand ills, and find the greatest difficulty to supply my wretched family with bad barley bread, while the fortunate Sindbad expends his riches with profusion, and enjoys every pleasure. What has he done to obtain so happy a destiny, or I to merit one so rigorous?" In saying this, he struck the

ground with his foot, as if entirely given up to despair. He was still musing on his fate, when a servant came toward him from the house, and taking hold of his arm, said, "Come, follow me; my master, Sindbad, wishes to speak with you."

It may easily be imagined that Hindbad was not a little surprised at the compliment that was paid him. After the words he had uttered, he began to fear that Sindbad sent for him to reprimand him, and therefore he tried to excuse himself from going, saying that he could not leave his load in the middle of the street; but the servant assuring him that it should be taken care of, pressed him so much to go that the porter could no longer refuse.

He led him into a spacious room where a number of persons were seated round a table, which was covered with all kinds of delicate viands. In the principal seat was a grave and venerable personage, whose long white beard hung down to his breast; and behind him were standing a crowd of officers and servants to wait on him. This person was Sindbad. The porter, quite confused by the number of the company and the magnificence of the entertainment, made his obeisance with fear and trembling. Sindbad desired him to approach, and seating him at his right hand, helped him himself to the choicest dishes, and gave him some excellent wine, with which the sideboard was plentifully supplied, to drink.

Toward the end of the repast, Sindbad, perceiving that his guests had done eating, began to speak, and addressing himself to Hindbad by the title of brother, as is the custom among the Arabians when they converse familiarly, he inquired his name and profession. "Sir," replied he, "my name is Hindbad." "I am happy to see you," said Sindbad, "and can answer for the



THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

pleasure the rest of the company also feel at your presence; but I wish to know from your own lips what it was you said just now in the street," for Sindbad, before he went to dinner, had heard the whole of the discourse from the window, which was the reason of his sending for him. At this request Hindbad, full of confusion, hung down his head, and replied: "Sir, I must confess to you that my fatigue had put me so out of humor that I uttered some indiscreet words, which I entreat you to pardon me." "Oh," resumed Sindbad, "do not imagine that I am so unjust as to have any resentment on that account. I feel for your situation, and, instead of reproaching, I pity you heartily. But I must undeceive you on one point respecting myself, where you seem to be in an error. You suppose, no doubt, that the riches and comforts I enjoy have been obtained without any labor or trouble. You are mistaken: to arrive at this state I have endured for many years the greatest mental as well as bodily sufferings that you can possibly conceive. Yes, gentlemen," continued he, addressing himself to the whole company, "I assure you that my sufferings have been of a nature so extraordinary, as would deprive the greatest miser of his love of riches. Perhaps you have heard only a confused account of my adventures in the seven voyages I have made on different seas; and, as an opportunity now offers, I will, with your leave, relate the dangers I have encountered, which I think will not be uninteresting to you."

As Sindbad was going to relate his history chiefly on the porter's account, he gave orders before he began it to have his burden, which had been left in the street, brought in and placed where Hindbad should wish. This done, he spoke in these words.

The First Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor.

I DISSIPATED the greatest part of my paternal inheritance in the excesses of my youth; but at length, seeing my folly, I became convinced that riches were not of much use when applied to such purposes as I had employed them in; and I moreover reflected that the time I spent in dissipation was of still greater value than gold, and that nothing could be more truly deplorable than poverty in old age. I recollected the words of the wise Solomon, which my father had often repeated to me, that it is better to be in the grave than poor. Feeling the truth of all these reflections, I resolved to collect the small remains of my patrimony and to sell my goods by auction. I then formed connections with some merchants who had negotiations by sea, and consulted those who appeared best able to give me advice. In short, I determined to employ to some profit the small sum I had remaining, and no sooner was this resolution formed than I put it into execution. I repaired to Balsora, where I embarked with several merchants in a vessel which had been equipped at our united expense.

We set sail and steered toward the East Indies by the Persian Gulf, which is formed by the coast of Arabia Felix on the right, and by that of Persia on the left, and is commonly supposed to be seventy leagues in breadth in the widest part; beyond this gulf the Western Sea, or Indian Ocean, is very spacious, and is bounded by the coast of Abyssinia, extending in length four thousand five hundred leagues to the island of Vakh. I was at first rather incommoded with what is termed sea-sickness, but I soon recovered my health, and from that period I have never been subject to that malady. In the course of our voyage we touched at several islands, and sold or exchanged our merchandise. One day, when in full sail, we were unexpectedly becalmed before a small island appearing just above the water, and

which, from its verdure, resembled a beautiful meadow. The captain ordered the sails to be lowered, and gave permission to those who wished it to go ashore, of which number I formed one. But during the time that we were regaling ourselves with eating and drinking, by way of relaxation from the fatigues we had endured at sea, the island suddenly trembled, and we felt a severe shock.

They who were in the ship perceived the earthquake in the island, and immediately called to us to re-embark as soon as possible, or we should all perish, for what we supposed to be an island was no more than the back of a whale. The most active of the party jumped into the boat, while others threw themselves into the water to swim to the ship: as for me, I was still on the island, or, more properly speaking, on the whale, when it plunged into the sea, and I had only time to seize hold of a piece of wood which had been brought to make a fire with. Meantime the captain, willing to avail himself of a fair breeze which had sprung up, set sail with those who had reached his vessel, and left me to the mercy of the waves. I remained in this situation the whole of that day and the following night; and on the return of morning I had neither strength nor hope left, when a breaker happily dashed me on an island. The shore was high and steep, and I should have found great difficulty in landing, had not some roots of trees, which fortune seemed to have furnished for my preservation, assisted me. I threw myself on the ground, where I continued, more than half dead, till the sun rose.

Although I was extremely enfeebled by the fatigues I had undergone, I tried to creep about in search of some herb or fruit that might satisfy my hunger. I found some, and had also the good luck to meet with a stream of excellent water, which contributed not a little to my recovery. Having in a great measure regained my strength, I began to explore the island, and entered a beautiful plain, where I perceived at some distance a horse that was grazing. I bent my steps that way, trembling between fear and joy, for I could not ascertain whether I was advancing to safety or perdition. I remarked, as I approached, that it was a mare tied to a stake: her beauty attracted my attention; but while I was admiring her, I heard a voice underground of a man, who shortly after appeared, and coming to me, asked me who I was. I related my adventure to him; after which he took me by the hand and led me into a cave, where there were some other persons, who were not less astonished to see me than I was to find them there.

I ate some food which they offered me; and having asked them what they did in a place which appeared so barren, they replied that they were grooms to King Mibrage, who was the sovereign of that isle, and that they came every year about that time with some mares belonging to the king, for the purpose of having a breed between them and a sea-horse which came on shore at that spot. They tied the mares in that manner, because they were obliged almost immediately, by their cries, to drive back the sea-horse, otherwise he began to tear them in pieces. As soon as the mares were with foal they carried them back, and these colts were called sea-colts, and set apart for the king's use. To-morrow, they added, was the day fixed for their departure, and if I had been one day later I must certainly have perished, because they lived so far off that it was impossible to reach their habitations without a guide.

While they were talking to me, the horse rose out of the sea as they had described, and immediately attacked the mares. He would then have torn them to pieces, but the grooms began to make such a noise that he let go his prey, and again plunged into the ocean.

The following day they returned to the

capital of the island with the mares, whither I accompanied them. On our arrival, King Mibrage, to whom I was presented, asked me who I was, and by what chance I had reached his dominions; and when I had satisfied his curiosity, he expressed pity at my misfortune. At the same time, he gave orders that I should be taken care of and have every thing I might want. These orders were executed in a manner that proved the king's generosity, as well as the exactness of his officers.

As I was a merchant, I associated with persons of my own profession. I sought, in particular, such as were foreigners, as much to hear some intelligence of Bagdad, as with the hope of meeting with some one whom I could return with; for the capital of King Mibrage is situated on the sea-coast, and has a beautiful port, where vessels from all parts of the world daily arrive. I also sought the society of the Indian sages, and found great pleasure in their conversation; this, however, did not prevent me from attending at court very regularly, nor from conversing with the governors of provinces, and some less powerful kings, tributaries of Mibrage, who were about his person. They asked me a thousand questions about my country; and I, on my part, was not less inquisitive about the laws and customs of their different states, or whatever appeared to merit my curiosity.

In the dominions of King Mibrage there is an island called Cassel. I had been told that in that island there was heard every night the sound of cymbals, which had given rise to the sailors' opinion, that Degial (the Mahometan Antichrist) had chosen that spot for his residence. I felt a great desire to witness these wonders, and during my voyage I saw some fish of one and two hundred cubits in length, which occasion much fear, but do no harm; they are so timid that they are frightened away by beating on a board. I remarked also some other fish that were not above a cubit long, and whose heads resembled that of an owl.

After I returned, as I was standing one day near the port, I saw a ship come toward the land; when they had cast anchor, they began to unload its goods, and the merchants, to whom they belonged, took them away to their warehouses. Happening to cast my eyes on some of the packages, I saw my name written, and, having attentively examined them, I concluded them to be those which I had embarked in the ship in which I left Balsora. I also recollected the captain; but as I was persuaded that he thought me dead, I went up to him, and asked him to whom those parcels belonged. "I had on board with me," replied he, "a merchant of Bagdad, named Sindbad. One day, when we were near an island, at least such it appeared to be, with some other passengers, went ashore on this supposed island, which was no other than an enormous whale, that had fallen asleep on the surface of the water. The fish no sooner felt the heat of the fire they had lighted on its back, to cook their provisions, than it began to move and flounce about in the sea. The greatest part of the persons who were on it were drowned, and the unfortunate Sindbad was one of the number. These parcels belonged to him, and I have resolved to sell them, that, if I meet with any of his family, I may be able to return them the profit I shall have made of the principal." "Captain," said I then, "I am that Sindbad, whom you supposed dead, but who is still alive, and these parcels are my property and merchandise."

When the captain of the vessel heard me speak thus, he exclaimed, "Great God! whom shall I trust? There is no longer truth in man. I with my own eyes saw Sindbad perish; the passengers I had on board were also witnesses of it; and you have the assurance to say that you are the same Sindbad? what audacity! At first sight you ap-

peared a man of probity and honor, yet you assert an impious falsity to possess yourself of some merchandise which does not belong to you." "Have patience," replied I, "and have the goodness to listen to what I have to say." "Well," said he, "what can you have to say? speak, and I will attend." I then related in what manner I had been saved, and by what accident I had met with King Mibrage's grooms, who had brought me to his court.

He was rather staggered at my discourse, but was soon convinced that I was not an impostor; for some people arriving from his ship knew me, and began to congratulate me on my fortunate escape. At last he recollected me himself, and embracing me, "Heaven be praised," said he, "that you have thus happily avoided so great a danger; I cannot express the pleasure I feel on the occasion. Here are your goods, take them, for they are yours, and do with them as you like." I thanked him, and praised his honorable conduct, and by way of recompense I begged him to accept part of the merchandise, but that he refused.

I selected the most precious and valuable things in my bales, as presents for King Mibrage. As this prince had been informed of my misfortunes, he asked me where I obtained such rare curiosities. I related to him the manner in which I had recovered my property, and he had the complaisance to express his joy on the occasion; he accepted my presents, and gave me others of far greater value. After that, I took my leave of him, and re-embarked in the same vessel, having first exchanged what merchandise remained with that of the country, which consisted of aloes and sandal-wood, camphor, nutmegs, cloves, pepper, and ginger. We touched at several islands, and at last landed at Bilsora, from whence I came here, having realized about a hundred thousand sequins. I returned to my family, and was received by them with the joy which a true and sincere friendship inspires. I purchased slaves of each sex, and bought a magnificent house and grounds. I thus established myself, determined to forget the disagreeable things I had endured, and to enjoy the pleasures of life.

Sindbad here ceased, and ordered the musicians to go on with their concert, which he had interrupted by the recital of his history. The company continued to eat and drink till night approached, and when it was time to retire, Sindbad ordered a purse, containing a hundred sequins, to be brought him, and giving it to the porter, "Take this, Hindbad," said he, "return to your home, and come again to-morrow, to hear the continuation of my adventures." The porter retired quite confused with the honor conferred on him, and the present he had received. The account he gave of this occurrence to his wife and children rejoiced them very much, and they did not fail to return thanks to Providence for the bounties bestowed by the means of Sindbad.

Hindbad dressed himself in his best clothes on the following day, and returned to the house of his liberal patron, who received him with smiling looks and a friendly air. As soon as the guests were all arrived, the table was served, and they sat down to eat. When the repast was finished, Sindbad thus addressed his guests. "Gentlemen, I request you to have the complaisance to listen to me while I relate the adventures of my second voyage. They are none worthy of your attention than were those of my first." The company was silent, and Sindbad began as follows.

The Second Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor.

I HAD resolved, after my first voyage, to pass the rest of my days in tranquillity at

Bagdad, as I had the honor to tell you yesterday. But I soon grew weary of an idle life; the desire of seeing foreign countries, and carrying on some negotiations by sea, returned: I bought some merchandise, which I thought likely to answer in the traffic I meditated; and I set off a second time with some merchants, upon whose probity I could rely. We embarked in a good vessel, and having recommended ourselves to the care of the Almighty, we began our voyage.

We went from island to island, and made some very advantageous exchanges. One day we landed on one, which was covered with a variety of fruit-trees, but so wild, that we could not discover any habitation or the trace of a human being. We walked in the meadows, and along the brook that watered them, and while some of my companions were amusing themselves with gathering fruits and flowers, I took out some of the wine and provisions I had brought with me, and seated myself by a little stream under some trees, which afforded a delightful shade. I made a good meal of what I had with me, and having satisfied my hunger, sleep gradually stole over my senses. I cannot say how long I slept, but when I awoke, the ship was no longer in view. I was much surprised at this circumstance, and got up to look out for my companions, but they were all gone; and I could only perceive the vessel in full sail, at such a distance that I soon lost sight of it.

You may easily imagine the reflections that occurred to me in this dismal state. I thought I should have died with grief: I groaned and cried aloud; I beat my head, and threw myself on the ground, where I remained a long time, overwhelmed with a variety of thoughts, each more distressing than the other: I reproached myself a thousand times for my folly in not being contented with my first voyage, which ought to have satisfied my desire of seeking adventures; but all my regrets were of no avail, and my repentance came too late. At length I resigned myself to the will of Heaven; and not knowing what would become of me, I ascended a high tree, from whence I looked on all sides, to see if I could not discover some object to inspire me with hope. Casting my eyes toward the sea, I could discern only the water and sky; but perceiving on the land side something white, I descended from the tree, and taking with me the remainder of my provisions, I walked toward the object, which was so distant that at first I could not distinguish what it was. As I approached, I perceived it to be a white ball of prodigious size, and when I got near enough to touch it, I found it was soft. I walked round it to find whether there was an opening, but could find none, and it appeared so even that it was impossible to get up it. The circumference might be about fifty paces.

The sun was near setting; the air grew suddenly dark, as if obscured by a thick cloud. I was surprised at this change, but much more so when I perceived it to be occasioned by a bird of a most extraordinary size, which was flying toward me. I recollected having heard sailors speak of a bird called a roc; and I conceived that the great white ball which had drawn my attention must be the egg of this bird. I was not mistaken, for shortly after it alighted on it, and placed itself as if to sit upon it. When I saw it coming I drew near to the egg, so that I had one of the claws of the bird just before me: this claw was as big as the trunk of a large tree. I tied myself to it with the linen of my turban, in hopes that the roc, when it took its flight the next morning, would carry me out of that desert island. My project succeeded, for at the break of day the roc flew away, and carried me to such a height that I could not distinguish the earth; then it descended with such rapidity, that I almost lost my senses. When the roc had alighted, I quickly untied the knot that confined me to its foot, and had

scarcely loosed myself, when it darted on a serpent of an immeasurable length, and seizing it in its beak, flew away.

The place in which the roc left me was a very deep valley, surrounded on all sides with mountains of such height that the tops of them were lost in the clouds, and so steep that there was no possibility of climbing them. This was a fresh embarrassment; for I had no reason to be satisfied with my change of situation, when I compared it with the island I had left.

In walking along this valley, I remarked that it was strewn with diamonds, some of which were of an astonishing size. I amused myself for some time in examining them, but soon perceived from afar some objects which destroyed my pleasure, and created in me great fear; these were a great number of serpents, so long and large that the smallest of them would have swallowed an elephant with ease. They hid themselves in caves during the day on account of the roc, their mortal enemy, and only came out when it was dark. I passed the day in walking about the valley, resting myself occasionally where an opportunity offered, and when the sun set I retired into a small cave, where I thought I should be in safety. I closed the entrance, which was low and narrow, with a stone large enough to insure me from the serpents, but which yet admitted a little light. I supped on part of my provisions, but the hissing of the serpents, which now began to make their appearance, caused me such terror that I could not sleep the whole night. At daybreak the serpents retired; I left my cave trembling, and may truly say that I walked a long time upon diamonds, without feeling any desire to touch them. At last I sat down, and notwithstanding my agitation, for I had not closed my eyes during the whole night, I fell asleep, after having made another meal of my provisions. I had scarcely begun to doze, when something tumbling near me, with a great noise, awoke me: it was a large piece of fresh meat; and at the same moment I saw a number of them rolling down the rocks from above.

I had always supposed the account which I had heard related, by seamen and others, of the Valley of Diamonds, and of the means by which merchants procured them, to be fictitious: I now knew it to be true. The method is this: the merchants go to the mountains which surround the valley, about the time that the eagles hatch their young. They cut large pieces of meat, and throw them into the valley, and the diamonds on which they fall stick to them. The eagles, which are larger and stronger in that country than in any other, seize these pieces of meat, to carry to their young at the top of the rocks. The merchants then run to their nests, and by various noises oblige the eagles to retreat, and then take the diamonds that have stuck to the pieces of meat. This is the method they employ to procure the diamonds out of the valley, which is inaccessible on every side. I had supposed it impossible ever to leave this valley, and began to look on it as my tomb; but on seeing this I changed my opinion, and turned my thoughts to the preservation of my life. I began by collecting the largest diamonds I could find, and with them filled my leather bag in which I had carried my provisions. I then took one of the largest pieces of meat, and tied it tight round me with the linen of my turban; in this state I laid myself on the ground, having first fastened on my leather bag in a secure manner.

I had not been long in this situation before the eagles began to descend, and each seized a piece of meat, with which it flew away. One of the strongest having darted on the piece to which I was attached, carried me up with it to its nest. The merchants then began their cries to frighten away the eagles, and when they had obliged them to quit their prey, one of them approached me, but was

much surprised and alarmed on seeing me. He soon, however, recovered from his fear, and instead of inquiring by what means I came there, began to quarrel with me for trespassing on what he called his property. "You will speak to me with pity instead of anger," said I, "when you learn by what means I reached this place. Console yourself, for I have diamonds for you as well as for myself, which are more valuable than those of all the other merchants added together; I have myself chosen some of the finest at the bottom of the valley, and have them in this bag." On saying this, I showed it to him. I had scarcely finished speaking, when the other merchants perceiving me, flocked round me with great astonishment, which I increased not a little by the recital of my history. They were less surprised at the stratagem I had conceived to save myself, than at my courage in attempting to put it in execution.

They conducted me to the place where they lived together; and on seeing my diamonds they all expressed their admiration, and declared they had never seen any to equal them in size or quality. I entreated the merchant to whom the nest into which I had been transported belonged—for each merchant has his own—I entreated him, I say, to choose for himself as many as he pleased. He contented himself with taking only one, and that too of the smallest size; and as I pressed him to take more, without fear of depriving me, "No," replied he, "I am very well satisfied with this, which is sufficiently valuable to spare me the trouble of making any more voyages to complete my little fortune."

I passed the night with these merchants, to whom I recounted my history a second time, for the satisfaction of those who had not heard it before. I could scarcely moderate my joy, when I reflected on the perils I had gone through; it appeared as if my present state was but a dream, and I could not believe that I had nothing more to fear.

The merchants had been for some days in that spot, and as they now appeared to be contented with the diamonds they had collected, we set off the following day all together and traveled over high mountains, which were infested by prodigious serpents; but we had the good fortune to escape them. We reached the nearest port in safety, and from thence embarked for the isle of Roha, which produces the tree whence camphor is extracted—a tree so large and thick that a hundred men may be shaded by it with ease. The juice of which the camphor is formed, runs out of a wound made at the top of the tree, and is received in a vessel, where it remains till it acquires a proper consistence, and becomes what is called camphor. The juice being thus extracted, the tree withers and dies.

The rhinoceros is a native of this island: it is a smaller animal than the elephant, yet larger than the buffalo. It has a horn on the nose, about a cubit in length; this horn is solid, and cut through the middle from one extremity to the other, and on it are several white lines, which represent the figure of a man. The rhinoceros fights with the elephant, and piercing him in his belly with his horn, carries him off on his head; but as the fat and blood of the elephant run down on his eyes and blind him, he falls on the ground, and, what will astonish you, the roc comes and seizes them both in his claws, and flies away with them to feed its young.

I will pass over several other peculiarities of this island, lest I should tire you. I exchanged some of my diamonds for valuable merchandise: from thence we went to other islands, and at last, after having touched at several ports, we reached Balsora, from which place I returned to Bagdad. The first thing I did was to distribute a great deal of money among the poor, and I enjoyed with credit and honor the rest of my im-

mense riches, which I had acquired with so much labor and fatigue.

Here Sindbad completed the relation of his second voyage. He again ordered a hundred sequins to be given to Hindbad, whom he invited to come on the morrow to hear the history of the third.

The guests returned home, and the following day repaired at the same hour to the house of Sindbad, where the porter, who had almost forgotten his misery, also made his appearance. They sat down to table, and after the repast was ended, Sindbad requested the company to attend to him, and he began the detail of his third voyage.

The Third Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor.

THE comfortable way of life in which I had settled myself soon obliterated the remembrance of the dangers I had experienced in my two voyages; but as I was in the prime of life, I grew tired of passing my days in slothful repose, and banishing all thoughts of the perils I might encounter, I set off from Bagdad with some rich merchandise of the country, which I conveyed to Balsora. There I again embarked with other merchants; we made a long voyage, and touched at several ports, and by these means made a very advantageous commerce.

One day, when we were in the open sea, we were overtaken by a violent tempest, which made us lose our reckoning. It continued for several days, and drove us near an island, which the captain would gladly have been excused from touching at, but we were under the necessity of casting anchor there. When the sails were furled, the captain told us that this, as well as some of the neighboring isles, was inhabited by hairy savages, who would come to attack us; and that although they were only dwarfs, we must not attempt to make any resistance; for as their number was inconceivable, if we should happen to kill one, they would pour upon us like locusts and destroy us. This account put the whole of the crew in a terrible consternation, and we were too soon convinced that the captain had spoken the truth. We saw coming toward us an innumerable multitude of hideous savages, entirely covered with red hair, and about two feet high. They threw themselves into the sea, and swam to the ship, which they soon encompassed. They spoke to us as they approached, but we could not understand their language. They began to climb the sides and ropes of the vessel with so much swiftness and agility, that their feet scarcely seemed to touch them, and soon reached the deck.

You may imagine the situation we were in, not daring to defend ourselves, nor even to speak to them, to endeavor to avert the impending danger. They unfurled the sails, cut the cable from the anchor, and after dragging the ship to shore, obliged us to disembark: after this they conveyed us to another island, from whence they had come. All voyagers carefully avoided this island, for the dismal reason you are going to hear; but our misfortune had led us there, and we were obliged to submit.

We left the shore, and advancing further into the island, we found some roots and herbs, which we ate of, to prolong our lives as much as possible, for we all expected to be sacrificed. As we walked, we perceived at some distance a considerable edifice, toward which we bent our way. It was a large and high palace, with a folding-door of ebony, which opened as we pushed it. We entered the court-yard, and facing us saw a vast apartment, with a vestibule, on one side of which was a large heap of human bones, and on the opposite one a number of spits for roasting. We trembled at this spectacle; and as we were fatigued with walking, our legs failed us, and we fell on the

earth, where we remained a considerable time, unable to move from fear.

The sun was setting; and while we were in the piteous state I have described, the door of the apartment suddenly opened with a loud noise, and the frightful figure of a black man, as tall as a large palm-tree, came forward. In the middle of his forehead, one eye, red and fiery as a burning coal, stood alone; his front teeth were long and sharp, and projected from his mouth, which was as wide as that of a horse, with the under lip hanging on his breast; his ears resembled those of an elephant, and covered his shoulders, and his long and curved nails were like the talons of an immense bird. At the sight of this hideous giant we all fainted, and remained a long time like dead men.

At last our senses returned, and we saw him seated under the vestibule, examining us with his piercing eye. When he had viewed us well, he advanced toward us, and having approached, he extended his hand to me, and taking me up by the neck, turned me round all ways, as a butcher would handle the head of a sheep. After having well considered me, finding that I was little more than skin and bone, he released me. He took up each of the others in their turn, and examined them in the same manner, and as the captain was the fattest of the party, he held him in one hand as I should a sparrow, and with the other thrust a spit through his body; then kindling a large fire, he roasted him, and ate him for his supper in the apartment whither he retired. Having finished his repast, he returned to the vestibule, where he lay down to sleep, and snored louder than thunder. He did not wake till the next morning, but we passed the night in most agonizing suspense; when daylight returned, the giant awoke and went abroad, leaving us in the palace.

When we supposed him at some distance, we began to vent our lamentations, for the fear of disturbing the giant had kept us silent during the night. The palace resounded with groans. Although we amounted to a considerable number, and had but one common enemy, yet the idea of delivering ourselves by his death never occurred.

We deliberated on several methods, but could not determine on any; and submitting ourselves to the will of God, we passed the day in walking over the island and eating such plants and fruits as we met with. Toward evening we sought for some shelter to pass the night, but finding none, were obliged to return to the palace.

The giant did not fail to return to sup again on one of our companions, after which he fell asleep and snored till daybreak, when he arose and went out as before. Our situation appeared to be so helpless, that some of our comrades were on the point of throwing themselves into the sea rather than be sacrificed in so dreadful a manner, and advised the rest to follow their example; but one of the company thus addressed them: "We are forbidden," said he, "to kill ourselves, and even were that permitted, would it not be more rational to endeavor to destroy the barbarous monster who has destined us to such a cruel death?"

As I had already formed a project of that nature, I now communicated it to my fellow-sufferers, who approved of it. "My friends," said I then, "you know there is a great deal of wood on the sea-shore; if you will take my advice, we can make some rafts, and when they are finished we will leave them in a proper place, till we can find an opportunity to make use of them. In the mean time we can put in execution the design I proposed to you, to deliver ourselves from the giant: if it succeeds, we may wait here with patience till some vessel passes, by means of which we may quit the fatal isle; if, on the contrary, we miss our aim, we shall have recourse to our rafts, and put to sea. I own

that in exposing ourselves to the fury of the waves on such fragile barques we run a great hazard of losing our lives; but if we are destined to perish, is it not preferable to meet with a watery grave than to be buried in the entrails of that monster, who has already devoured two of our companions?" My advice was approved by all, and we immediately built some rafts, large enough to contain three persons on each.

We returned to the palace toward evening, and the giant arrived a short time after us. Again one of our party was sacrificed to his inhuman appetite. But we were soon revenged of his cruelty: after he had finished his horrible meal, he as usual laid himself down to sleep: as soon as we heard him snore, nine of the most courageous among us, and myself, took each a spit, and heating the points red hot, thrust them into his eye and blinded him.

The pain which the giant suffered made him groan hideously: he suddenly raised himself, and extended his arms on all sides to seize some one, and sacrifice him to his rage; but fortunately we had time to get at some distance from him, and to throw our-

even ventured to their middles into the sea, to throw them at us, which they did so adroitly as to sink all the rafts excepting that I was upon; so that myself and two companions were the only fortunate ones, the others being all drowned. As we rowed with all our strength, we soon got out of reach of the stones.

When we were in the open sea, we became the sport of the winds and waves, and we passed that day and night in the most cruel suspense; but on the morrow we had the good fortune to be thrown on an island, where we landed with great joy. We found some excellent fruits, which served to re-establish our exhausted strength.

Toward night we went to sleep on the seashore, but were soon awakened by the noise which the scales of an immense serpent, long as a palm-tree, made on the ground. It was so near to us that it devoured one of my companions, notwithstanding the efforts he made to extricate himself, for the serpent shook him several times, and then crushing him on the earth, quickly swallowed him.

My other comrade and myself immediately took to flight; and although we had

the sea; but as life is desirable as long as it will last, I resisted this impulse of despair, and submitted myself to the will of God, who disposes of our lives as is best for us.

I collected a great quantity of small wood and furze, and tying it in fagots, put it round the tree in a large circle, and tied some across the top to cover my head. This being done, I inclosed myself within this circle when the evening came on, having the dismal consolation that I had done all in my power to preserve my life. The serpent did not fail to return and try to devour me, but he could not succeed on account of the rampart I had formed. The whole night he was besieging me as a cat would a mouse; at last day returned, and he retired, but I did not venture out of my fortress till the sun shone.

I was so fatigued with watching, as well as with the exertion of forming my retreat, and had suffered so much from his pestilential breath, that death appearing preferable to a repetition of such horror, I again ran toward the sea, with the intention of putting an end to my existence; but God pitied my condition, and at the moment that I was going to throw myself into the sea, I perceived a vessel at a great distance, I cried with all my strength, and unfolded the linen of my turban to attract the attention of those on board. This had the desired effect: all the crew saw me, and the captain sent a boat for me.

As soon as I was on board, the merchants and seamen were eager to learn by what chance I had reached that desert island, and after I had related to them all that had happened, the oldest of them told me that they had often heard of the giants who lived in that island; that they were anthropophagi, and that they devoured men raw as well as roasted. With regard to the serpents, they added that there were many in that island, which hid themselves in the day, and appeared at night.

After they had expressed their joy at my fortunate escape from so many perils, as they supposed I must be in want of something to eat, they pressed me to partake of their best; and the captain, observing that my dress was much worn, had the generosity to give me one of his.

We remained a considerable time at sea, and touched several islands; at length we landed on that of Salabat, where the sandalwood is cultivated, which is much used in medicine. We entered the port and cast anchor, and the merchants began to unload their goods, to sell or exchange them. One day the captain called me to him and said, "Brother, I have in my possession some goods which belonged to a merchant who was for some time on board my ship. As this merchant is dead, I am going to have them valued, that I may render some account of them to his heirs, should I ever meet with them." The bales he was speaking of were already upon deck. He showed them me, saying, "These are the goods in question: I wish you to take the charge of them, and negotiate them, on the condition of receiving what is usually due for your trouble." I consented, and thanked him for the opportunity he afforded me of employing myself.

The writer of the ship registered all the bales with the names of the merchants to whom they belonged. When he asked the captain by what name he should register those destined for my charge, the captain replied, "By the name of Sindbad the Sailor." I could not hear my own name without emotion, and looking at the captain, I recognized him to be the same person who in my second voyage had left me on the island, where I had fallen asleep by the side of a brook, and who had put to sea without waiting for me. "Captain," said I to him, "was the merchant to whom these things belonged called Sindbad?" "Yes," returned



selves on the ground in places where he could not set his feet on us. After having sought us in vain, he at last found the door and went out, bellowing with pain.

We quitted the place immediately after the giant, and repaired to the shore, in that part where our rafts lay. We set them afloat, and waited till daybreak to board them, in case we should see the giant approach, with some guide to lead him to us; but we hoped that if he did not make his appearance by that time, and if his cries and groans, which resounded through the air, were discontinued, we might suppose him dead; and in that case we proposed remaining in the island till some safer conveyance should offer. But the sun had scarcely risen above the horizon, when we perceived our cruel enemy, accompanied by two giants of nearly his own size, who conducted him, and a great number of others, who walked before him at a considerable rate.

At this sight we ran precipitately to our rafts, and rowed away as fast as possible. The giants seeing this, provided themselves with large stones, hastened to the shore, and

reached some distance, we heard a noise which made us suppose that the serpent was vomiting the bones of the unhappy man it had destroyed. On the following day we perceived our suspicions to have been well founded. "Oh God," I then exclaimed, "to what are we exposed? Yesterday we were rejoicing at our escape from the cruelty of a giant and the fury of the waves, and to-day we are again terrified by a peril not less imminent."

As we walked along, we remarked a large and high tree, on which we proposed to pass the following night, to be in safety. We ate some fruits as on the preceding day, and at the approach of night we climbed the tree. We soon heard the serpent, who came hissing to the foot of the tree; it raised itself against the trunk, and meeting with my companion, who was lower than I was, it swallowed him and retired.

I remained on the tree till daybreak, when I descended, more dead than alive; indeed, I could only expect to meet with the same fate. This idea chilled me with horror, and I advanced some paces to throw myself into

he, "that was his name; he was from Bagdad, and embarked on my vessel at Balsora. One day, when we went ashore on an island for fresh water, I know not by what mistake, he was left behind; none of the crew perceived it till four hours after, when the wind blew so fresh against us, that it was impossible to return. "You believe him to be dead?" resumed I. "Most assuredly," replied the captain. "Well, then," said I, "open your eyes, and know that the same Sindbad, whom you left in the desert island, is now before you. I fell asleep on the banks of a little stream, and when I awoke I perceived that the ship was gone."

At these words the captain fixed his eyes on me, and after having examined me very attentively, at last recollected me. "God be praised!" cried he, embracing me, "I am delighted that fortune has given me an opportunity of repairing my fault. Here are your goods, which I have preserved with care, and always had valued at every port I stopped at. I return them to you with the profit I have made on them." I received them with the gratitude which such an action demanded.

From the island of Salahat we went to another, where I furnished myself with cloves, cinnamon, and other spices. When we had sailed some distance from it, we perceived an immense tortoise, that was twenty cubits in length and breadth. We also saw an amphibious animal that had milk like a cow (the hippopotamus); its skin is so hard that bucklers are frequently made of it. I saw another that was of the make and color of a camel. At length, after a long voyage, we arrived at Balsora, from whence I came to Bagdad with so much wealth that I did not know the amount of it. I gave a great deal to the poor, and made considerable additions to my landed estates.

Sindbad thus finished the history of his third voyage, and again gave Hindbad a hundred sequins, inviting him to the usual repast on the morrow, when he should hear the account of the fourth voyage. Hindbad and the other guests retired, and the following day returned at the same hour. After the dinner was over, Sindbad continued the relation of his adventures.

The Fourth Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor.

THE pleasures and dissipations into which I entered after my third voyage had not charms sufficiently powerful to deter me from venturing on the sea again. I gave way to my love for traffic and novelty; and after having settled my affairs, and furnished myself with the merchandise suited to the places I intended to visit, I set out and traveled toward Persia, some of the provinces of which I traversed, and at last reached a port where I embarked. We set sail, and touched at several ports and at some Oriental islands; but one day, making a great tack, we were surprised by a sudden squall of wind, which obliged the captain to lower the sails. He gave the necessary orders for preventing the danger we were threatened with, but all our precautions were fruitless: our exertions did not succeed; the sails were torn in a thousand pieces, and the vessel, becoming ungovernable, was driven on a sand-bank, and went to pieces, by which a great number of the crew, as well as the cargo, perished.

I had the good fortune, as well as some other merchants and seamen, to get hold of a plank; we were all drawn by the strength of the current toward an island that lay before us. We found some fruits and fresh water, which re-established our strength, and we lay down to sleep in the spot where the waves had thrown us, without seeking any further: the grief we felt at our misfortune rendered us careless of our fate. The next

morning, when the sun was risen, we left the shore, and advancing in the island, perceived some habitations, toward which we bent our way. When we drew near, a great number of blacks came out to us and surrounded us, seized our persons, of which they seemed to make a division, and then conducted us to their houses.

Five of my comrades and myself were taken into the same place. They made us sit down, and then offered us a certain herb, inviting us by signs to eat it. My companions, without considering that they who gave it to us did not eat of it, only consulted their appetites, and devoured it with avidity. I, who had a sort of presentiment that it was for no good purpose, refused even to taste it; and it was well I did, for a time after I perceived that my companions soon lost all recollection of their situation, and did not know what they said. They then served us with some rice dressed with the oil of cocoa-nut, and my comrades, not being sensible of what they did, ate it ravenously. I ate some also, but very little.

The blacks had presented the herb first to affect our heads, and thus banish the sorrow which our miserable situation would create, and the rice was given to fatten us. As they were anthropophagi, they designed to feast on us when we were in good condition. My poor companions fell victims to this barbarous custom, because they had lost their senses, and could not foresee their destiny. As for me, instead of fattening as the others had done, I grew thinner every day. The fear of death, which constantly haunted me, turned the aliments I took to poison, and I fell into a state of languor, which was in the end very beneficial; for the blacks, having eaten my comrades, were contented to let me remain till I was better picking.

In the meantime I was allowed a great deal of liberty, and my actions were scarcely observed. This afforded me the opportunity one day of quitting the habitation of the blacks and escaping. An old man, who saw and guessed my intention, called me to return; but I only quickened my pace, and soon got out of his sight. This old man was the only person in the place; all the other blacks had absented themselves, and were not to return till night, as was their frequent custom. Being, therefore, certain that they would be too late to come in search of me when they returned home, I continued my flight till evening, when I stopped to take a little rest and satisfy my hunger. I soon proceeded, and walked without intermission for seven days, taking care to avoid those places which appeared inhabited, and living on cocoa-nuts, which furnished me with drink as well as food.

On the eighth day I came to the sea-shore; here I saw some white people like myself, employed in gathering pepper, of which there was in that place a great abundance. Such an occupation was a good omen to me, and I approached them without fear of danger. They came toward me as soon as they perceived me, and asked me in Arabic from whence I came.

Delighted to hear my native language once more, I readily complied with their request, and related to them the manner in which I had been shipwrecked, and got to that island where I had fallen into the hands of the blacks. "But these blacks," said they, "eat men; by what miracle, then, could you escape their cruelty?" I gave them the same account which you have been listening to, and they were very much surprised.

I remained with them till they had collected as much pepper as they chose, after which they made me embark with them in the vessel which had conveyed them, and we soon reached another island, from whence they had come. They presented me to their king, who was a good prince. He had the patience to listen to the recital of my adventures, which astonished him; and he ordered

me some new clothes, and desired that I might be taken care of. This island was very populous, and abounded in all sorts of articles for commerce, which was carried on to a great extent in the town where the king resided. This agreeable retreat began to console me for my misfortunes, and the kindness of this generous prince made me completely happy. Indeed, I appeared to be his greatest favorite; consequently all ranks of people endeavored to please me, so that I was soon considered more as a native than a stranger.

I remarked one thing which appeared to me very singular: every one, the king not excepted, rode on horseback without either bridle or stirrups. One day took the liberty to ask his majesty why such things were excluded. He replied that he was entirely ignorant of what I meant.

I immediately went to a workman, and gave him a model to make the tree of a saddle from; that finished, I covered it myself with leather, richly embroidered with gold, and stuffed it with hair. I then applied to a locksmith, who made a bit according to the pattern I gave him, and some stirrups also.

When these things were completed, I presented them to the king, and tried them on one of his horses; the prince then mounted it, and was so pleased with the invention, that he testified his approbation by making me considerable presents. I was then obliged to make several saddles for his ministers and the principal officers of his household, who all rewarded me with rich and very handsome presents. I also made some for the most respectable inhabitants of the town, by which I gained great reputation and credit.

As I constantly attended at court, the king said to me one day, "Sindbad, I love you, and I know that all my subjects who have any knowledge of you follow my example, and entertain a high regard for you. I have one request to make, which you must not deny me." "Sire," replied I, "there is nothing your majesty can command which I will not undertake, to prove my obedience to your orders. Your power over me is absolute." "I wish you to marry," resumed the prince, "that you may have a more tender tie to attach you to my dominions, and prevent your returning to your native country." As I did not dare to refuse the king's offer, he married me to a lady of his court, who was noble, beautiful, rich, and accomplished. After the ceremony of the nuptials, I took up my abode in the house of my wife, and lived with her for some time in perfect harmony. Nevertheless, I was discontented with my situation, and designed to make my escape the first convenient opportunity, and return to Bagdad, which the splendid establishment I was then in possession of could not obliterate from my mind.

These were my sentiments, when the wife of one of my neighbors, with whom I was very intimate, fell sick and died. I went to console him, and finding him in the deepest affliction, "May God preserve you," said I to him, "and grant you a long life." "Alas!" replied he, "how can I obtain what you wish me? I have only one hour to live." "Oh," resumed I, "do not suffer such dismal ideas to take possession of your mind. I hope that will not be the case, and that I shall enjoy your friendship for many years." "I wish with all my heart," said he, "that your life may be of long duration: as for me, the die is cast, and this day I shall be buried with my wife. Such is the custom which our ancestors have established in this island, and which is still inviolably observed: the husband is interred alive with his deceased wife—the wife with the husband in the same way: nothing can save me, and every one submits to this law."

While he was relating to me this singular species of barbarity, which filled me with terror, his relations, friends, and neighbors arrived, to be present at the funeral. They

dressed the corpse of the woman in the richest attire, as on the day of her nuptials, and decorated her with all her jewels. They then placed her uncovered on a bier, and the procession set out. The husband, dressed in mourning, went immediately after the body of his wife, and the rest followed. They bent their course toward a high mountain, and when they were arrived, a large stone, which covered a deep pit, was raised, and the body let down into it, without taking off any of the ornaments. After that, the husband took his leave of his relations and friends, and without making any resistance suffered himself to be placed on a bier, with a jug of water and seven small loaves by his side; he was then let down as his wife had been. This mountain extended a great way, and served as a boundary to the ocean, and the pit was very deep. When the ceremony was completed, the stone was replaced and the company retired. I need scarcely add, gentlemen, that I was particularly affected with this ceremony. All the others who were present did not appear to feel it, from their being habituated to see the same kind of scene so frequently. I could not avoid telling the king my sentiments on this subject. "Sire," said I, "I cannot express my astonishment at the strange custom which subsists in your dominions of interring the living with the dead. I have visited many nations, but in the whole course of my travels I never heard of so cruel a law." "What can I do, Sindbad?" replied the king: "it is a law common to all ranks, and even I submit to its decree; I shall be interred alive with the queen my consort if she happens to die first." "Sire," resumed I, "will your majesty allow me to ask if foreigners are obliged to observe this custom?" "Certainly," said the king, smiling at the motive of my question, "they are not exempted when they marry in the island."

I returned home thoughtful and sad at this reply. The fear that my wife might die first, and that I must be interred with her, was a reflection of the most distressing nature. Yet how could I remedy this evil? I must have patience, and submit to the will of God. Nevertheless, I trembled at the slightest indisposition of my wife, and, alas! I soon had good reason to fear: she was taken dangerously ill, and died in a few days. Judge of my horror. To be interred alive did not appear to me a more desirable end than that of being devoured by the anthropophagi; yet I was obliged to comply. The king, accompanied by his whole court, would honor the procession with his presence, and the principal inhabitants of the city also, out of respect to me, were present at my interment.

When all was in readiness for the ceremony, the corpse of my wife, decorated with her jewels and most magnificent clothes, was placed on the bier, and the procession set out. Being the second personage in this woful tragedy, I followed the body of my wife, my eyes bathed in tears, and deploring my miserable destiny. Before we arrived at the mountain, I wished to make trial of the compassion of the spectators. I first addressed myself to the king, then to those who were near me, and bowing to the ground to kiss the hem of their garment, I entreated them to have pity on me. "Consider," said I, "that I am a stranger, who ought not to be subject to so rigorous a law, and that I have another wife and children in my own country." I pronounced these words in an affecting tone, but no one seemed moved; on the contrary, they hastened to put the corpse in the pit, and soon after I was let down also, on another bier, with a jug of water and seven loaves. At last, this fatal ceremony being completed, they replaced the stone over the mouth of the pit, notwithstanding the excess of my grief and my piteous lamentation.

As I approached the bottom, I discovered,

by the little light that shone from above, the shape of this subterranean abode. It was a vast cavern, which might be about fifty cubits deep. I soon smelt an insupportable stench, which arose from the carcasses that were spread around. I even fancied I heard the last sighs of some who had lately fallen victims to this inhuman law. I had no sooner reached the bottom than I left the bier, and stopping my nostrils, went to a distance from the dead bodies. I threw myself on the ground, where I remained a long time, bathed in tears; then reflecting upon my cruel fate, "It is true," said I, "that God disposes of us as seems best to His all-seeing Providence; but, unhappy Sindbad, is it not your own fault that you are now brought to this singular death? Would to Heaven I had perished in some of the dreadful wrecks from which I have been saved! I should not now have had to languish in this miserable abode of lingering death. But have I not brought it on myself by my accursed avarice? Ah, wretch! I ought to have remained with my family, and enjoyed peaceably the fruits of my former labors."

Such were the useless expressions of rage and despair with which I made the cavern re-echo. I beat my head and breast, and gave way to the most violent grief. Nevertheless, shall I confess to you? that instead of calling on death to release me from this habitation of despair, the love of life still glowed within me, and induced me to prolong my days. I felt my way to the bier on which I had been placed. Notwithstanding the intense obscurity which prevailed, I found my bread and water, and ate of it. The cave now appeared more spacious, and to contain more bodies than I had at first supposed. I subsisted for some days on my provisions; but as soon as they were exhausted I prepared to die. I was resigned to my fate, when I heard the stone above raised. A corpse and living person were let down. The deceased was a man. It is natural to have recourse to violent methods when reduced to the last extremity. While the woman was descending, I approached the spot where her bier was to be placed, and when I perceived the aperture above to be closed, I gave the unhappy female two or three great blows on the head with a large bone. She was stunned, or more properly speaking, I killed her; and as I had only committed this inhuman action to obtain the bread and water which had been allowed her, I had now provisions for some days. At the end of that time a dead woman and her living husband were let down. I killed the man in the same manner; and as at that time there happened, fortunately for me, to be a mortality in the city, I was not in want of food, employing always the same means to obtain it.

One day, when I had just put an end to an unfortunate woman, I heard a sound like breathing and a footstep. I followed this species of shadow, which occasionally stopped, and then again retreated panting as I drew near. I pursued it so long, and went so far, that at last I perceived a small speck of light, resembling a star. I continued to walk toward this light, sometimes losing it, according to the obstacles which arose, but always recovering it again, till I arrived at an opening in the rock large enough to allow me to pass.

At this discovery I stopped for some time to recover from the violent emotion occasioned by my walking quick, then passing through the crevice, I found myself on the sea-shore. You may imagine the excess of my joy; it was so great that I could scarcely be satisfied that my imagination did not deceive me. When I became convinced that it was a reality, and that my senses were still sound, I perceived that the thing which I heard pant, and which I had followed, was an animal that lived in the sea, and was in the habit of going into that cave to devour the dead bodies.

I examined the mountain, and observed that it was situated between the city and the sea, without any communication between them, for it was so steep that it was not practicable. I prostrated myself on the shore to thank God for the mercy He had shown me. I then returned to the cave to get some bread, which I brought out and ate with much better appetite than I had enjoyed since my interment in that gloomy mansion.

I returned again, to collect as well as I could, by feeling on the different biers, all the diamonds, rubies, pearls, golden bracelets, in short, everything of value that I could find, and brought it all to the shore. I tied them up in several packets with the cords which had served to let down the biers, of which there was a great quantity. I left them in a convenient place till a proper opportunity should offer, without fear of their being spoiled by the rain, for it was not the season for wet weather.

At the end of two or three days I perceived a vessel just sailing out of the harbor, and passing by the spot where I was, I made signs with the linen of my turban, and cried aloud with all my strength. They heard me on board, and dispatched a boat to fetch me. When the sailors inquired by what misfortune I had got in that place, I replied that I had been wrecked two days since on that shore, with all my merchandise. Fortunately for me, these people did not consider whether my story was probable, but, satisfied with my answer, they took me on board with my bales.

When we had reached the vessel, the captain, happy in being instrumental to my safety, and occupied with the management of the ship, believed without any difficulty the tale of the wreck, to convince him of which I offered him some precious stones, but he refused them.

We passed several islands, among others the Island of Bells, distant about ten days' sail from that of Serendib (Ceylon), sailing with a fair wind, and six days from the Isle of Kela (Calabar), where we landed. Here there were some lead mines, some Indian canes, and excellent camphor.

The King of the Isle of Kela is very rich and powerful. His authority extends over the Island of Bells, which is two days' journey in extent. The inhabitants are still so uncivilized as to eat human flesh. After we had made an advantageous traffic in this island, we again set sail, and touched at several ports. At length I arrived happily at Bagdad with immense riches, of which it is needless to give you a detail. To show my gratitude to Heaven for the mercies shown me, I spent a great deal in charity, some for the support of mosques, and some for the subsistence of the poor. I then entirely gave myself up to the society of my relations and friends, and passed my time in feasting and entertainments.

Sindbad here concluded the relation of his fourth voyage, which occasioned still more surprise in his audience than the three preceding ones had done. He repeated his present of a hundred sequins to Hindbad, whom he requested, with the rest of the company, to return the following day, to dine and hear the detail of his fifth voyage. Hindbad and the others took their leave and retired. The next day, when all were assembled, they sat down to table, and when the repast was over, Sindbad began the account of his fifth voyage as follows.

The Fifth Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor.

The pleasures I enjoyed soon made me forget the pains I had undergone; yet they were not sufficiently attractive to prevent my forming the resolution of venturing a fifth time on the sea. I again provided my-

self with merchandise, packed it, and sent it by a land carriage to the nearest seaport; where, unwilling to trust any more to a captain, and wishing to have a vessel of my own, I built and equipped one at my own expense. As soon as it was finished, I loaded it and embarked; and as I had not sufficient cargo to fill it myself, I received several merchants of different nations with their goods.

We hoisted our sails the first fair wind and put to sea. After sailing a considerable time, the first place we stopped at was a desert island, where we found the egg of a roc, as large as that I spoke of on a former occasion; it contained a small roc, which was just ready to hatch, its beak having begun to make its appearance. The merchants who were with me broke the egg with hatchets, and cut out the young roc piece by piece, and roasted it. I had seriously advised them not to touch the egg, but they would not attend to me.

They had scarcely finished their meal when two immense clouds appeared in the air at a considerable distance from us. The captain whom I had hired to have the care of the vessel, knowing by experience what it was, cried out that it was the father and mother of the young roc, and warned us to re-embark as quickly as possible, to avoid the danger which threatened us. We took his advice and set sail immediately.

The two rocs approached, uttering the most frightful screams, which they redoubled on finding the state of their egg, and that the young one was no more.

Determining to revenge themselves, they flew away toward the part from whence they came, and disappeared for some time, during which we used all diligence to sail away and prevent what nevertheless befell us.

They returned, and we perceived that they each had an enormous piece of rock in their claws. When they were exactly over our ship, they stopped, and, suspending themselves in the air, one of them let fall the piece of rock he held. By the address of the pilot, who suddenly turned the vessel, it did not tumble on us, but fell close to us into the sea, in which it made such a chasm that we could almost see the bottom. The other bird, unfortunately for us, let his piece of rock fall so immediately on the ship that it broke and split it into a thousand pieces. The sailors and passengers were all either crushed to death or drowned. I was myself under water for some time, but, rising again to the surface, I had the good fortune to seize a piece of the wreck. Thus, swimming sometimes with one hand and sometimes with the other, still holding what I had fixed myself to, and having the wind and current both in my favor, I at length reached an island, where the shore was very steep. I nevertheless overcame this difficulty and got on land.

I seated myself on the grass to rest from my fatigue, after which I arose and advanced into the island to reconnoiter the ground. I seemed to be in a delicious garden: wherever I turned my eyes I saw beautiful trees, some loaded with green, others with ripe fruits, and transparent streams meandering between them. I ate of the fruits, which I found to be excellent, and quenched my thirst at the inviting brooks.

Night being arrived, I lay down on the grass in a convenient spot; but I did not sleep an hour at a time: my sleep was continually interrupted by the fear of being alone in such a desert place, so that I employed the greatest part of the night in lamenting and reproaching myself for the imprudence of venturing from home, when I had everything to make me comfortable there. These reflections led me so far that I even began to form a project against my life; but day returning with its cheerful light dissipated this gloomy idea. I arose

and walked among the trees, though not without some degree of apprehension.

When I had advanced a little way in the island, I perceived an old man, who appeared much broken down. He was seated on the bank of a little rivulet: at first I supposed he might be like myself, shipwrecked. I approached and saluted him, to which he made no other return than a slight inclination of the head. I asked him what he was doing; but instead of replying, he made signs to me to take him on my shoulders and cross the brook, making me understand that he wanted to gather some fruit.

I supposed he wished me to render him this piece of service; so, taking him on my back, I stemmed the stream; when I had reached the other side, I stooped, and desired him to alight; instead of which (I cannot help laughing whenever I think of it), this old man, who appeared to me so decrepit, nimbly threw his legs, which I now saw were covered with a skin like a cow's, over my neck, and seated himself fast on my shoulders, at the same time squeezing my throat so

one, and after having cleared it well, I squeezed into it the juice of several bunches of grapes, which the island produced in great abundance. When I had filled the gourd, I placed it in a particular spot, and some days after returned with the old man, when, tasting the contents, I found it to be converted into excellent wine, which for a little time made me forget the ills that oppressed me. It gave me new vigor, and raised my spirits so high, that I began to sing and dance as I went along.

The old man perceiving the effect this draught had taken on my spirits, made signs to me to let him taste it. I gave him the gourd, and the liquor pleased his palate so well, that he drank it to the last drop; there was enough to inebriate him, and the fumes of wine very soon rose into his head; he then began to sing after his own manner, and to stagger on my shoulders. The blows he gave himself made him return what he had on his stomach, and his legs loosened by degrees; so that finding he no longer held me tight, I threw him on the ground, where he



violently, that I expected to be strangled; this alarmed me so much that I fainted away.

Notwithstanding my situation, the old man kept his place on my neck; he only loosed his hold sufficiently to allow me to breathe. When I was a little recovered, he pushed one of his feet against my stomach, and kicking my side with the other, obliged me to get up. He then made me walk under some trees, and forced me to gather and eat the fruit we met with. He never quitted his hold during the day, and when I wished to rest at night, he laid himself on the ground with me, always fixed to my neck. He never failed to awaken me in the morning, which he effected by pushing me, and then he made me get up and walk, kicking me all the time. Conceive, gentlemen, the plague of bearing this burden, without the possibility of getting rid of it.

One day, having found on the ground several dried gourds, which had fallen from the tree that bore them, I took a pretty large

remained motionless; I then took a large stone and crushed him to death.

I was much rejoiced at having so effectually got rid of this old man, and I walked toward the sea-shore, where I met some people who belonged to a vessel which had anchored there to get fresh water. They were very much astonished at seeing me, and hearing the account of my adventure. "You have fallen," said they, "into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and you are the first whom he has not strangled; he never left those whom he had once mastered, till he had put an end to their existence; and this island is notorious for the number of persons he has killed. The sailors and merchants who land here never dare approach, excepting they are in a strong body."

Having informed me of this, they took me to their ship, where the captain received me with the greatest politeness, when he heard what had befallen me. He set sail, and in a few days we landed at the port of a large city, where the houses were built of stone.

One of the merchants of the ship having contracted a friendship for me, entreated me to accompany him, and conducted me to the lodging destined for foreign merchants. He gave me a large sack, and then introduced me to some people belonging to the city, who were also furnished with sacks; then having desired them to take me with them to gather cocoa, "Go," said he, "follow them, and do as they do; and do not stray from them, for your life will be in danger if you leave them." He gave me provisions for the day, and I set off with them.

We arrived at a large forest of tall straight trees, the trunks of which were so smooth, that it was impossible to climb up to the branches where the fruit grew. They were all cocoa-trees, and we wanted to knock down the fruit and fill our sacks. On entering the forest we saw an amazing number of monkeys, of all sizes which fled at our approach, and ran up the trees with surprising agility. The merchants I was with collected some stones, and threw them with great force at the monkeys, who had reached some of the highest branches. I did the same, and soon perceived that these animals were aware

I was under so many obligations. As he had not yet settled his affairs, he could not embark with me.

We set sail and steered toward the island where pepper grows in such abundance. From thence we made the island of Comari, where the best species of the aloe grows, and whose inhabitants submit themselves to a law not to drink wine, or suffer any kind of debauchery. In these two islands I exchanged all my cocoa-nuts for pepper and aloe-wood; and then engaged myself, with the other merchants, in a pearl-fishery, in which I employed many divers on my own account. I collected by these means a great number of very large and perfect ones, with which I joyfully put to sea, and arrived safely at Balsora, from whence I returned to Bagdad, where I sold the pepper, aloe, and pearls which I had brought with me for a large sum. I bestowed a tenth part of my profit in charity, as I had done on my return from every former voyage, and endeavored to recover from my fatigues by every kind of diversion.

Having concluded this narrative, Sindbad



of our design; they gathered the cocoa-nuts, and threw them down at us with gestures which plainly showed their anger and animosity. We picked up the cocoa-nuts, and at intervals threw up stones to irritate the monkeys. By this contrivance we filled our sacks with the fruit—a thing utterly impracticable by any other method.

When we had got a sufficient quantity we returned to the city, where the merchant who had sent me to the forest gave me the value of the cocoa-nuts I had collected. "Continue to do the same every day," said he, "till you have amassed sufficient money to convey you to your own country." I thanked him for the good advice he gave me, and by degrees I acquired such a quantity of cocoa-nuts, that I sold them for a considerable sum.

The vessel in which I came had sailed with the merchants, who had loaded it with the cocoa-nuts they had purchased. I waited for the arrival of another, which shortly after came into the harbor for a lading of the same materials. I sent on board all the cocoa-nuts which belonged to me, and when it was ready to sail, took leave of the merchant to whom

gave a hundred sequins to Hindbad, who retired with all the other guests. The same party returned to the rich Sindbad the next day; and after having regaled them as usual, he requested silence, and began the account of his sixth voyage in the following way.

The Sixth Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor.

You are, no doubt, gentlemen, surprised how I could be tempted again to expose myself to the caprice of fortune, after having undergone so many perils in my other voyages. I am astonished myself when I think of it. It was fate alone that dragged me, at the expiration of a year, to venture myself a sixth time on the unstable sea, notwithstanding the tears and entreaties of my relations and friends, who did all in their power to persuade me to stay.

Instead of taking the route of the Persian Gulf, I passed again through some of the provinces of Persia and the Indies, and arrived at a seaport, where I embarked in a good ship, with a captain who was determined on making a long voyage. Long, in-

deed, it proved, but at the same time so unfortunate, that the captain and the pilot lost their way, and did not know how to steer. They at length got right again; but we had no reason to rejoice on the occasion, for the captain, astonished us all by suddenly quitting his post, and uttering the most lamentable cries. He threw his turban on the floor, tore his beard, and beat his head, as if his senses were distracted. We asked what had occasioned these signs of affliction. "I am obliged to announce to you," said he, "that we are in the greatest peril. A rapid current carries the ship, and we shall all perish in less than a quarter of an hour. Pray God to deliver us from this imminent danger, for nothing can save us, unless He takes pity on us." He then gave orders for setting the sails, but the ropes broke in the attempt, and the ship, without a possibility of managing it, was dashed by the current against the foot of a rock, where it split and went to pieces. We had, however, time to take precautions for our safety, and to disembark our provisions, as well as the most valuable part of the lading.

This being effected, the captain said, "God's will be done. Here we may dig our graves, and bid each other an eternal farewell; for we are in so desolate a place, that no one who was ever cast on this shore returned to his own home." This speech increased our affliction, and we embraced each other with tears in our eyes, deploring our wretched fate.

The mountain, at the foot of which we were, formed one side of a large and long island. This coast was covered with the remains of vessels which had been wrecked on it; and by the infinity of bones which everywhere met the eye, we were convinced of the dreadful certainty that many lives had been lost in this spot. It is almost incredible what quantities of merchandise of every sort were strewn upon the shore. All these objects only served to increase our despair.

In every other part it is common for a number of small rivers to discharge themselves into the sea, instead of which, here a large river of fresh water takes its course from the sea, and runs along the coast through a dark cave, the opening of which is extremely high and wide. What is most remarkable in this place is, that the mountain is composed of rubies, crystals, and other precious stones. Here, too, a kind of pitch, or bitumen, distills from the rock into the sea, and the fishes eating it, return it again in the form of ambergris, which the waves leave on the shore. The greatest part of the trees are aloes, which are equal in beauty to those of Comari.

To complete the description of this place, which may be termed a whirlpool, as nothing ever returns from thence, it is impossible that a ship can avoid being dragged thither, if it comes within a certain distance. If a sea-breeze blows that assists the current, there is no remedy; and if the wind comes from land, the high mountain impedes its effect and causes a calm, which allows the current full force, and then it whirls the ship against the coast, and dashes it to pieces as ours was. In addition to this, the mountain is so steep that it is impossible to reach the summit, or, in fact, to escape by any means.

We remained on the shore quite distracted, expecting to die. We had divided our provisions equally, so that each individual lived more or less time according to the consumption he made of his portion.

They who died first were interred by the others. I had the office of burying my last companion; for, besides managing what provisions were allowed me with more care than the rest, I had also a store, which I kept concealed from my comrades. Nevertheless, when I buried the last, I had so little left, that I imagined I must soon follow him, so that I dug a grave and resolved to throw my-

self into it, since no one remained to perform this last duty. I must confess that while I was thus employed, I could not avoid reproaching myself as the sole cause of my misfortune, and most heartily repented of this last voyage. Nor was I satisfied with reproaches only, but I bit my hands with despair, and had nearly put an end to my existence.

But God still had pity on me, and inspired me with the thought of going to the river which lost itself in the hollow of the cave. I examined it with great attention, and it occurred to me that, as the river ran underground, it must in its course come out to daylight again. If I construct a raft, thought I, and place myself on it, the current of the water may perhaps bring me to some inhabited country; if I perish, it is but changing the manner of my death; but if, on the contrary, I get safely out of this fatal place, I shall not only avoid the cruel death by which my companions perished, but may also meet with some fresh opportunity of enriching myself. Who knows that fortune does not await me on my arrival out of this frightful cavern, to recompense me for all the losses I have sustained?

I worked on my raft with fresh vigor after these reflections; I made it of thick pieces of wood and great cables, of which there was an abundance; I tied them closely together, and formed a strong vessel. When it was completed, I placed on it a cargo of rubies, emeralds, ambergris, crystal, and also some gold and silver stuffs. Having all these things in a proper equilibrium, and fastened them to the planks, I embarked on my raft with two little oars which I provided myself with, and trusting to the current, I resigned myself to the will of God.

As soon as I was under the vault of the cavern, I lost the light of day, and the current carried me on without my being able to discern its course. I rowed for some days in this obscurity without ever perceiving the least ray of light. At one time the vault of the cavern was so low that it almost knocked my head, which rendered me very attentive to avoid the danger again. During this time I consumed no more of my provisions than was absolutely necessary to sustain nature; but however frugal I might be, I consumed them all. I then fell into a sweet sleep. I cannot tell whether I slept long, but when I awoke I was surprised to find myself in an open country, near a bank of the river, to which my raft was fastened, and in the midst of a large concourse of blacks. I rose as soon as I perceived them, and saluted them; they spoke to me, but I could not understand their language.

At this moment I felt so transported with joy that I could scarcely believe myself awake. Being at length convinced that it was not a dream, I exclaimed in these Arabic words, "Invoke the Almighty, and He will come to thy assistance; thou needest not care for aught besides. Close thine eyes, and while thou sleepest, God will change thy fortune from bad to good."

One of the blacks, who understood Arabic, having heard me pronounce these words, advanced toward me, and spoke as follows: "Brother," said he, "be not surprised at seeing us; we live in this country, and we came hither to-day to water our fields from this river, which flows from the neighboring mountain, by cutting canals to admit a passage for the water.

"We observed that the current bore something along, and we immediately ran to the bank to see what it was, and perceived this raft; one of us instantly swam to it, and conducted it to shore. We fastened it as you see, and were waiting for you to wake. We entreat you to relate to us your history, which must be very extraordinary; tell us how you could venture on this river, and from whence you come." I first requested

him to give me some food, after which I promised to satisfy their curiosity.

They produced several kinds of meat, and when I had satisfied my hunger, I related to them all that had happened to me, which they appeared to listen to with great admiration. As soon as I had finished my history, their interpreter told me that I had astonished them with my relation, and I must go myself to the king to recount my adventures, for they were of too extraordinary a nature to be repeated by any one but by him to whom they had happened. I replied that I was ready to do anything they wished. The blacks then sent for a horse, which arrived shortly after; they placed me on it, and while some walked by my side to show me the way, others of a more robust make hauled the raft out of the water, and carried it on their shoulders, with the bales of rubies, and followed me.

We went together to the city of Serendib, for this was the name of the island, and the blacks presented me to their king. I approached his throne where he was seated, and saluted him as it is usual to accost the kings of India; that is to say, I prostrated myself at his feet and kissed the earth. The prince made me rise, and receiving me with an affable air, he placed me by his side. He first asked me my name; I replied that I was called Sindbad, and surnamed the Sailor, from having made several voyages, and added that I was a citizen of Bagdad. "But," replied he, "how then came you into my dominions? from whence are you arrived?"

I concealed nothing from the king, and related to him what you have just heard; he was so pleased with it, that he ordered the history of my adventures to be written in letters of gold, that it might be preserved among the archives of his kingdom. The raft was then produced, and the bales were opened in his presence. He admired the aloe-wood and ambergris, but, above all, the rubies and emeralds, as he had none in his treasury equal to them in value.

Perceiving that he examined my precious stones with pleasure, and that he looked repeatedly at the rarest of them, I prostrated myself before him, and took the liberty of saying, "Sire, not only my person is at your commands, but the cargo of my raft also, if your majesty will do me the honor of accepting it, and disposing of it as you think fit." He smiled, and replied that he did not desire anything which belonged to me, for as God had given it me, I ought not to be deprived of it; that instead of diminishing my riches, he should add to them; and that when I left his dominions I should carry with me proofs of his liberality. I could only reply to this by praying for his prosperity and by praising his generosity.

He ordered one of his officers to attend me, and gave me servants to wait upon me at his own expense. The officers faithfully fulfilled the charge they were intrusted with, and conveyed all the bales to the place destined for my lodging.

I went every day at certain hours to pay my court to the king, and employed the rest of the time in seeing the city, and whatever was most worthy of my attention.

The Island of Serendib is situated exactly under the equinoctial line, so that the days and nights are of equal length. It is eighty parasangs (470 miles) long, and as many in breadth. The principal town is situated at the extremity of a beautiful valley, formed by a mountain, which is in the middle of the island, and which is by far the highest in the world; it is discernible at sea within three days' navigation of it. Rubies and many sorts of minerals are found in it, and most of the rocks are formed of emery, which is a sort of metallic stone used for cutting precious stones.

All kinds of rare and curious plants and trees, particularly the cedar and cocon-tree, grow here in great abundance, and there are

pearl fisheries on the coast, at the mouth of the rivers; some of its valleys also produce diamonds. I made a devotional journey up the mountain, to the spot where Adam was placed on his banishment from Paradise; and I had the curiosity to ascend to the summit.

When I came back to the city, I entreated the king to grant me permission to return to my native country, which he did in the most obliging and honorable manner. He compelled me to receive a rich present, which was taken from his treasury, and when I went to take my leave, he deposited in my care another still more considerable than the first, and at the same time gave me a letter for the Commander of the Believers, our sovereign lord, saying, "I beg you to present from me this letter and this present to the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, and to assure him of my friendship." I took the present and the letter with the greatest respect, and promised his majesty to execute the orders with which he was pleased to honor me, with the greatest punctuality. Before I embarked, the king sent for the captain and the merchants with whom I was to sail, and charged them to pay me all possible attention.

The letter of the King of Serendib was written on the skin of a certain animal, highly prized in that country on account of its rareness. The color of it approaches to yellow. The letter itself was in characters of azure, and it contained the following words in the Indian language:

"The King of the Indies, who is preceded by a thousand elephants, who lives in a palace, the roof of which glitters with the luster of a hundred thousand rubies, and who possesses in his treasury twenty thousand crowns, enriched with diamonds, to the Caliph Haroun Alraschid:

"Although the present that we send you be inconsiderable, yet receive it as a brother and a friend, in consideration of the friendship we bear you in our heart, and which we feel happy in having an opportunity of testifying to you. We ask the same share in your affections, as we hope we deserve it, being of a rank equal to that which you hold. We salute you as a brother. Farewell."

The present consisted, first, of a vase made of one single ruby, pierced and worked into a cup of half a foot in height and an inch thick, filled with fine round pearls, all weighing half a drachm each; secondly, the skin of a serpent, which had scales as large as a common piece of money, the peculiar property of which was to preserve those who lay on it from all disease; thirdly, fifty thousand drachms of the most exquisite aloe-wood, together with thirty grains of camphor as large as a pistachio-nut; and lastly, all this was accompanied by a female slave of the most enchanting beauty, whose clothes were covered with jewels.

The ship set sail, and after a long though fortunate voyage, we landed at Balsora, from whence I returned to Bagdad. The first thing I did after my arrival was to execute the commission I had been intrusted with. I took the letter of the King of Serendib, and presented myself at the gate of the Commander of the Faithful, followed by the beautiful slave, and some of my family, who carried the presents which had been committed to my care. I mentioned the reason of my appearance there, and was immediately conducted before the throne of the caliph. I prostrated myself at his feet, and having made a short speech, gave him the letter and the present. When he had read the contents, he inquired of me whether it was true that the King of Serendib was as rich and powerful as he reported himself to be in his letter. I prostrated myself a second time, and when I arose, "Commander of the Faithful," said I, "I can assure your majesty that he does not exaggerate his riches and grandeur; I have been witness to it. Nothing can excite greater admiration than the magnificence of his palace. When this prince wishes to appear in public, a throne is prepared for him on the back of an elephant; on this he sits, and proceeds

between two files, composed of his ministers, favorites, and others belonging to the court. Before him, on the same elephant, sits an officer with a golden lance in his hand, and behind the throne another stands with a pillar of gold, on the top of which is placed an emerald about half a foot long and an inch thick. He is preceded by a guard of a thousand men habited in silk and gold stuffs, and mounted on elephants richly caparisoned.

"While the king is on his march, the officer, who sits before him on his elephant, from time to time cries with a loud voice, 'The powerful and tremendous Sultan of the Indies, whose palace is covered with a hundred thousand rubies, and who possesses twenty thousand diamond crowns. This is the crowned monarch, greater than ever was Solima or the great Mithrage.'

"After he has pronounced these words, the officer who is behind the throne, cries in his turn, 'This monarch, who is so great and powerful, must die, must die, must die.' The first officer then replies, 'Hail to Him who lives and dies not.'

"The King of Serendib is so just, that there are no judges in his capital, nor in any other part of his dominions; his people do not want any. They know and observe with exactness the true principles of justice, and never deviate from their duty; therefore, tribunals and magistrates would be useless among them."

The caliph was satisfied with my discourse, and said, 'The wisdom of this king appears in this letter; and after what you have told me I must confess that such wisdom is worthy of such subjects, and such subjects worthy of it.' At these words he dismissed me with a rich present.

Sindbad here finished his discourse, and his visitors retired; but Hindbad, as usual, received his hundred sequins. They returned the following day, and Sindbad began the relation of his seventh and last voyage in these terms.

The Seventh and Last Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor.

ON my return from my sixth voyage, I absolutely relinquished all thoughts of ever venturing again on the seas. I was now arrived at an age which required rest; and, besides this, I had sworn never more to expose myself to the perils I had so often experienced. I prepared, therefore, to enjoy my life in quiet and repose.

One day, when I was regaling a number of friends, one of my servants came to tell me that an officer of the caliph wanted to speak to me. I got up from the table and went to him. "The caliph," said he, "has ordered me to acquaint you that he wishes to see you." I followed the officer to the palace and he presented me to the prince, whom I saluted by prostrating myself at his feet. "Sindbad," said he, "I am in want of you: you must do me a service, and go once more to the King of Serendib with my answer and presents; it is but right that I should make him a proper return for the civility he has shown me."

This order of the caliph was a thunder-bolt to me. "Commander of the Faithful," replied I, "I am ready to execute anything that your majesty may desire; but I humbly entreat you to consider that I am worn down with the unspeakable fatigues I have undergone—I have even made a vow never to leave Bagdad." I then took occasion to recount the long detail of my adventures, which he had patience to listen to attentively. When I had done speaking, "I confess," said he, "that these are extraordinary adventures; nevertheless, they must not prevent you making the voyage I propose, for my sake; it is only to the island of Serendib: execute the commission I intrust you with, and then you will be at liberty to return.

But you must go, for you must be sensible that it would be highly indecorous, as well as derogatory to my dignity, to be under obligations to the king of that island."

As I plainly saw that the caliph had resolved on my going, I signified to him that I was ready to obey his commands. He seemed much pleased, and ordered me a thousand sequins to pay the expenses of the voyage.

In a few days I was prepared for my departure; and as soon as I had received the presents of the caliph, together with a letter written with his own hand, I set off and took the route of Balsora, from whence I embarked. After a pleasant voyage, I arrived at the island of Serendib. I immediately acquainted the ministers with the commission I was come upon, and begged them to procure me an audience as soon as possible. They did not fail to attend to my wishes, and conducted me to the palace. I saluted the king by prostrating myself according to the usual custom.

"This prince immediately recollected me, and evinced great joy at my return. 'Welcome, Sindbad,' said he; 'I assure you I have often thought of you since your departure. Blessed be this day, in which I see you again.' I returned the compliment, and after thanking him for his kindness, I delivered the letter and present of the caliph, which he received with every mark of satisfaction and pleasure.

The caliph sent him a complete bed of gold tissue, estimated at a thousand sequins, fifty robes of a very rich stuff, a hundred more of white linen, the finest that could be procured from Cairo, Suez, Oufa, and Alexandria; another bed of crimson, also another of a different make; a vase of agate, greater in width than in depth, of the thickness of a finger; on the sides there was sculptured in bas-relief a man kneeling on the ground, and in his hand a bow and arrow with which he was going to let fly at a lion. Besides these, he sent him a richly-ornamented table, which was supposed from tradition to have belonged to the great Solomon. The letter of the caliph was written in these terms:

"Greeting in the name of the Sovereign Guide of the right road, to the powerful and happy Sultan, from Abdalla Haroun Alraschid, whom God hath set in the place of honor, after his ancestors of happy memory:

"We have received your letter with joy, and we send you this reply, dictated by the council of our Porte, the garden of superior wits. We hope that when you look upon it you will perceive our good intention, and think it agreeable. Adieu."

The King of Serendib was rejoiced to find that the caliph returned a testimony of his friendship. Soon after this audience I requested another to take my leave, which I had some difficulty to obtain. At length I succeeded, and the king at my departure, ordered me a very handsome present. I embarked immediately, intending to return to Bagdad, but had not the good fortune to arrive as soon as I expected, for God had disposed it otherwise.

Three or four days after we had set sail, we were attacked by corsairs, who easily made themselves masters of our vessel, as we were not in a state for defense. Some persons in the ship attempted to make resistance, but it cost them their lives. I and all those who had the prudence not to oppose the intention of the corsairs were made slaves. After they had stripped us, and substituted old clothes for our own, they bent their course toward a large island at a very great distance, where they sold us.

I was purchased by a rich merchant, who conducted me to his house, gave me food to eat and clothed me as a slave. Some days after, as he was not well informed who I was, he asked me if I knew any trade. I replied that I was not an artisan, but a merchant by profession, and that the corsairs who had sold me had taken from me all I was possessed of. "But tell me," said he,

"do you think you could shoot with a bow and arrow?" I replied that it had been one of my youthful sports, and that I had not entirely forgotten how to use it. He then gave me a bow and some arrows, and making me mount behind him on an elephant, he took me to a vast forest at the distance of some hours' journey from the city. We went a great way in it, and when he came to a spot where he wished to stop, he made me alight. Then showing me a large tree, "Get up in that tree," said he, "and shoot at the elephants that will pass under it, for there is a prodigious quantity in this forest: if one should fall, come and acquaint me of it." Having said this, he left me some provisions and returned to the city: I remained in the tree, on the watch, the whole night.

I did not perceive any during that time; but the next day, as soon as the sun had arisen, a great number made their appearance. I shot many arrows at them, and at last one fell. The others immediately retired, and left me at liberty to go and inform my master of the success I had met with. To reward me for this good intelligence, he regaled me with an excellent repast, and praised my address. We then returned together to the forest, where we dug a pit to bury the elephant I had killed. It was my master's intention to let it rot in the earth, and then to take possession of its teeth for commerce.

I continued this occupation for two months, and not a day passed in which I did not kill an elephant. I did not always place myself on the same tree; sometimes I ascended one, sometimes another. One morning, when I was waiting for some elephants to pass, I perceived, to my great astonishment, that instead of traversing the forest as usual, they stopped and came toward me with a terrible noise, and in such numbers that the ground was covered with them, and trembled under their footsteps. They approached the tree where I was placed, and surrounded it with their trunks extended, having their eyes all fixed upon me. At this surprising spectacle I remained motionless, and so agitated by fright that my bow and arrows fell from my hands.

My fears were not groundless. After the elephants had viewed me for some time, one of the largest twisted his trunk round the body of the tree, and shook it with so much violence that he tore it up by the roots, and threw it on the ground. I fell with the tree; but the animal took me up with his trunk, and placed me on his shoulders, where I remained more dead than alive. He put himself at the head of his companions, who followed him in a troop, and carried me to a spot where, having set me down, he and the rest retired. Conceive my situation! I thought it a dream. At length, having been seated some time, and seeing no other elephants, I rose, and perceived that I was on a little hill of some breadth, entirely covered with bones and teeth of elephants. This sight filled my mind with a variety of reflections. I admired the instinct of these animals, and did not doubt that this was their cemetery or place of burial, and that they had brought me hither to show it me, that I might desist from destroying them, as I did it merely for the sake of possessing their teeth. I did not stay long on the hill, but turned my steps toward the city, and having walked a day and a night, at last arrived at my master's. I did not meet any elephants in my way, which plainly evinced that they had entered further into the forest, to leave me an unobstructed passage from the hill.

As soon as my master saw me, "Ah, poor Sindbad!" exclaimed he, "I was in pain to know what could have become of you: I have been to the forest, and found a tree newly torn up by the roots, and a bow and arrows on the ground: after having sought you everywhere in vain, I despaired of ever seeing you again. Pray relate to me what

has happened to you, and by what happy chance you are still alive." I satisfied his curiosity, and the following day, having accompanied me to the hill, he was with great joy convinced of the truth of my history. We loaded the elephant on which we had come with as many teeth as he could carry, and when we returned he thus addressed me: "Brother—for I will no longer treat you as a slave, after the discovery you have imparted to me, and which cannot fail to enrich me—may God pour on you all sorts of blessings and prosperity! Before Him I give you your liberty. I had concealed from you what I am now going to relate. The elephants of our forest destroy annually an infinite number of slaves, whom we send in search of ivory. Whatever advice we give them, they are sure, sooner or later, to lose their lives by the wiles of these animals. God has delivered you from their fury, and has conferred this mercy on you alone. It is a sign that He cherishes you, and that He wants you in the world to be of use to mankind. You have procured me a surprising advantage: we have not hitherto been able to get ivory without risking the lives of our slaves, and now our whole city will be enriched by your means. Do not suppose that I think I have sufficiently recompensed you by giving you your liberty; I intend to add to it considerable presents. I might engage the whole city to join and make your fortune: but that is an honor I will enjoy alone."

To this obliging discourse I answered, "Master, God preserve you. The liberty you grant me acquits you of all obligation toward me, and the only recompense I desire for the service I have had the good fortune to procure for you and the inhabitants of your city is permission to return to my country." "Well," resumed he, "the monsoon will soon bring us vessels, which come to be laden with ivory; I will send you away with a sufficiency to pay your expenses home." I again thanked him for the liberty he had given me and for the goodwill he showed me. I remained with him till the season for the monsoon, during which we made frequent excursions to the hill, and filled his magazines with ivory. All the other merchants in the city did the same, for it did not long remain a secret.

The ships at length arrived, and my master having chosen that in which I was to embark, loaded it with ivory, half of which was on my own account. He did not omit an abundance of provisions for my voyage, and he obliged me to accept some rare curiosities of that country besides. After I had thanked him as much as possible for all the obligations he had conferred on me, I embarked. We set sail, and as the adventure which had procured me liberty was very extraordinary, it was always on my mind.

We touched at several islands to procure refreshments. Our vessel having sailed from a port of the Indian Terra Firma, we went there to land; and, fearful of the dangers of the sea to Balaora, I landed the ivory which belonged to me, and resolved to continue my journey by land. I sold my share of the cargo for a large sum of money, and purchased a variety of curious things for presents. When I was equipped, I joined a caravan of merchants. I remained a long time on the road, and suffered a great deal; but I bore all with patience when I reflected that I had neither tempests nor corsairs, serpents, nor any other peril that I had before encountered, to fear.

All these fatigues being at last concluded, I arrived happily at Bagdad. I went immediately and presented myself to the caliph, and gave him an account of my embassy. This prince told me that my long absence had occasioned him some uneasiness, but that he had always hoped that God would not forsake me.

When I related the adventure of the elephants he appeared much surprised, and

would scarcely have believed it had not my sincerity been well known to him. He thought this, as well as the other histories I had detailed to him, so curious, that he ordered one of his secretaries to write it in letters of gold, to be preserved in his treasury. I retired well satisfied with the presents and honors he conferred on me, and have since resigned myself entirely to my family, my relations, and friends.

Sindbad thus concluded the recital of his seventh and last voyage; and addressing himself to Hindbad, "Well, my friend," added he, "have you ever heard of one who has suffered more than I have, or been in so many trying situations? Is it not just that, after so many troubles, I should enjoy an agreeable and quiet life?" As he finished these words, Hindbad approached him, kissed his hand, and said, "I must confess, sir, that you have encountered frightful perils: my afflictions are not to be compared with yours. If I feel them heavily at the time I suffer them, I console myself with the small profit which they produce. You not only deserve a quiet life, but are worthy of all the riches you possess, since you make so good a use of them, and are so generous. May you continue to live happily till the hour of your death."

Sindbad ordered him to have another hundred sequins; he admitted him to his friendship, told him to quit the profession of a porter, and to continue to eat at his table, for that he should all his life have reason to remember Sindbad the Sailor.

THE END.

Dick Darling,

THE PONY-EXPRESS RIDER.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

CHAPTER I.

"MARSE DICK, I tells you dat dis yer won't do. Hyar we is all alone in the perarrer; and ef dem painted debbles comes arter us, whar is we? Why nowhar."

And Tom Nelson rolled the whites of his eyes in all directions, as if he expected to see the prairie alive with enemies.

Dick Darling laughed. He was a young fellow between twenty and thirty years of age, and he had known and escaped so many dangers that he had become somewhat reckless. Dick had been one of the first, in fact the very first man that ever rode on the Overland Pony Express, years before the Pacific Railroad was thought of. In those early days he had traversed mountain and plain so often, with packages worth millions, with no defense save his own arms, that he had grown to think that he possessed a charmed life. He was now traveling on the borders of Oregon, looking for a location to settle on, within a few miles of the Klamath and Modoc reservations, and with a secret object in his mind, which will develop itself in due time.

"Never mind, Tom," he said, carelessly. "The Indians round here are all quiet on their reservations, and I wouldn't care if we were to meet a whole tribe. I came here to pre-empt a claim, and I'm going to do it, spite of all the Klamaths in Oregon. If they come after us, we can run. If we want to find them, we always have Hector, and he's a better trailer than any brave on the plains."

"Yas, Marse Dick," said the negro, dubiously; "but how is I to run wid dis ole mule? He's jes' as slow as he can be, and Hector—"

The conference was broken off by a low, uneasy whine from a large hound which was loping along close to the riders, and Tom exclaimed:

"Dar, didn't I tole you so, Marse Dick? Tom's a gone nigger dis bressed day. Dem's Injuns! I knows Hector's ways like a book."

Dick Darling swung his rifle round from his

back and caught it under his right arm before he answered. Then he quietly observed:

"Your're right, Tom; they're Indians. Turn your mule and ride slowly toward Fairfield's ranche. I'll take care of you. Tell Miss Charlotte—I mean, tell the Fairfields that I shall be there by sunset, unless I lose my hair, which I don't think likely. Don't hurry, for they can't catch you. Keep a steady trot and you'll tire the ponies out, if you have a good start. Take Hector with you."

He had hardly finished speaking when over a swell of the prairie rode a plumed Indian, in full war costume, followed by at least a dozen warriors. As soon as the latter saw the two riders they halted, and took a long, silent stare. For the first time Dick Darling looked grave; his keen and practiced eye recognized them as Modoc braves; and in spite of rumors of peace, they were all in their war-paint.

"Away, Tom, and God speed you," was the young man's exhortation. Then setting spurs to his horse, he galloped straight toward the war-party, while the negro, his face turning a dirty gray with fear, and his eyes rolling wildly, trotted away to the south-west, followed by the dog, the obstinate old mule keeping the same pace, and shaking his ears with a grunt at every new dig of Tom's heels.

The ducky was by no means a novice in prairie lore. With a good horse under him and a rifle, he would not have hesitated to face the same enemy that his race so heartily detests. As it was, he had fallen in with his old friend Marse Dick when he was wandering about the settled portions of California, totally unarmed, and mounted on an old mule on which he had been peddling tinware to the farmers. The two had traveled on out of the bounds of civilization, Tom growing more uneasy every day, but ashamed to desert his comrade, till they came to the Klamath reservation, as we have described.

Now Tom rode off steadily to the south-west, and speedily reached a swell of land which would hide him from the pursuit of those "painted debbles," as he called them. Just as he crossed the swell he heard a rifle-shot and he looked back.

Dick Darling, one against a dozen, was galloping off at a right-angle to his own course, pursued by all the Modocs, with loud yells.

"Didn't I tole you so, Marse Dick?" muttered the ducky, regretfully, as he plunged into the next bottom. "I've gwine to Fairfield's to guv you' message, but, gorrarnighty, 'tain't no use talking. Dem'll nebber see you agen, no-how. You is smart, but Cappen Jack is smarter."

The negro pursued his way with caution and experience, keeping between the swells, followed by the dog, and never exposing his person at the top of any eminence however slight. He kept toward the south-west, where, he was aware, was situated the ranche of Fairfield, the Indian trader, whose affiliations with all the tribes were such that his goods were never harmed in any war.

It was toward this place that Darling had recommended him to go. Whether he would reach it alive was a moot point still. He could not hope to do it by speed. It all depended on whether any of the Modocs followed himself or not. He pressed on, ever and anon listening intently for the sound of pursuers. But none came and the hound gave no more tokens of uneasiness. Tom pursued his way in peace; and about four in the afternoon uttered a cry of joy. Fairfield's ranche, a small, neat dwelling in the midst of a stockade of great strength, stood before him, as he turned the corner of a swell of land. The happy ducky pounded vigorously at the sides of his mule, and succeeded in persuading the animal into a lumbering gallop, at which pace he clattered up to the gate of the stockade, yelling:

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrarnighty, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs!"

He had hardly ended his speech when the face of a beautiful girl appeared at the wicket of the stockade, and a sweet voice said:

"Dick Darling scalped! I'll never believe that till I see his body. Why, I'd trust Dick to whip a whole war-party. You're afraid, that's all that ails you. Come in and see if you can tell a straight story."

And the gate flew open, revealing a tall, magnificently-formed girl, who beckoned the negro in, as if she had been used to war all her life.

Somewhat abashed, Tom dismounted and entered, muttering:

"Dar ar' Missy Charlotte, Marse Dick's gal. Ain't she lubly, jist?"

A few minutes later the darky was in the stockade with his mule and dog, while old Fairfield, with his two beautiful daughters, Charlotte and Sophy, cross-questioned him strictly on the events of the morning.

When he had finished, all looked grave except Charlotte, who said, firmly:

"He promised to come here this evening, and come he will. I know Dick."

In the hot noon of the prairies, a young man, with a Spencer rifle in his hand, was riding leisurely toward Fairfield's ranche, followed by five Indians. Every now and then one of them fired a shot; but it seemed indeed as if Dick Darling bore a charmed life. Not a bullet struck him for some time, and he rode on as if disdaining to reply. The Modocs seemed to be afraid to close with him, as well they might. Seven of their war-party had already bitten the dust, killed by Dick.

At last the chief took a long and steady aim, halting his horse to fire, and to his great joy the quondam express-rider dropped from his saddle to the ground.

With loud yells of triumph the Indians galloped up, only to meet a terrible transformation. Leaping to his feet, unhurt, Dick leveled his repeater across his horse's back, and fired five shots in rapid succession. Three Indians fell, and the remaining couple, thoroughly demoralized, fled in confusion. The daring hunter uttered a triumphant laugh and remounted his horse. He panted a little and pressed his hand to his side as if in pain, but that was all the token that the bullet had hurt him.

"By Jove!" he soliloquized, as he rode toward Fairfield's ranche, "that little investment of mine has been well worth the thousand dollars it cost me. But that last bullet tried the mail. It was a fair knock-down."

The secret of his invulnerability among the Indians was very simple. Dick wore a shirt of mail, light and flexible, but perfectly bullet-proof. It had cost him a thousand dollars, but it was well worth the money, as long as he kept the secret to himself.

Just about sunset, Darling rode leisurely up to Fairfield's ranche gate, and the first face he saw was that of Charlotte Fairfield.

"I knew the Modocs could never kill my Dick," was all she said.

And thus began the Modoc war.

CHAPTER II.

THE Modocs were up, and all Northern California was in a fever of excitement. Volunteers were hurrying to Yreka in hot haste; the troops were being concentrated around the celebrated retreats, known as the "Lava Beds;" scouts were galloping to and fro in the country, and every one was anxious and disquieted about the prospects of a general Indian war.

In the midst of all these difficulties came another, as great as any. Besides the insurrection of the Modocs, it was certain that their next neighbors, the Klamaths, were unruly and disposed to give trouble. Two mail-carriers, in succession, disappeared; and it became necessary to find a volunteer, to continue the indispensable but dangerous duty.

It was during this time of uncertainty, so well remembered by our citizens, that the good people of Yreka were surprised, one morning, to see a nattily-dressed young fellow ride

through the streets to the head-quarters of the commanding officer, and to hear that the renowned Dick Darling, the first man who ever rode a pony express, had offered to carry the mails to and from the Lava Beds, single-handed.

His offer was of course instantly accepted, and he departed immediately. Within an hour after, a second visitor disturbed the equanimity of the town. He came in the person of an innocent-looking negro, none other than our old friend, Tom Nelson, well mounted and armed, and followed by Dick Darling's splendid hound, Hector.

"Please, marse capten-colonel," said Tom, when he was introduced to the commander of the district, "Ise come to see ef I couldn't help de sogers, nohow. Ise ole hunter, I is, and Ise tuk many an Injun scalp, when I war down in Texas wid de ole Ninth cavalry. You gibs me twenty dollar fur ebbery scalp, boss, an' I gets you a hull basket full."

"Get out of here, you black rascal," said the pompous commander, in great scorn. "Do you suppose that the United States can't take fifty red vagabonds without paying scalp bounties? Be off with you."

Tom drew himself up with native dignity, and cuttingly observed:

"Tain't b'en looking much like *takin'* dem, marse colonel, when dey kills ten sogers for one squaw. I offers my sarvices. Will you hab dem?"

"No!" thundered the commander, half angry, half amused at the darky's offer.

Tom made a stiff salute, wheeled round and marched out, muttering:

"Needn't be so huffy, noway; don't want to steal nuffin'."

He climbed into his saddle, and rode out of the town in high dudgeon, resolved, as he expressed it, "to have a scout on his own hook, anyway."

It took but a short time for him to be clear of the town; and then, when shut out by an intervening swell, he seemed to be as much alone as if in the midst of the desert.

Tom Nelson had not obtained horse and arms, had not come all this way from Fairfield's ranche, without an object. What that object was, will be explained by a few words that fell from the lips of Charlotte Fairfield, the day before, when Dick Darling rode away to Yreka from the ranche, announcing his intention of volunteering as mail-carrier.

"Tom," she said to the negro, "there is something tells me that Dick is going to a greater peril than he has ever yet run. Are you brave?"

"Try me, missy," was the laconic reply.

"Take my horse, and one of my father's rifles, then," she said, "and follow Dick. Whatever happens to him, do you be near him; and let no harm come to him. Bring him back safe, Tom, and I'll give you free quarters in our house for life."

And Charlotte blushed, for it was currently reported that she and Dick were to be married, as soon as the latter had settled his "claim."

Tom accepted the offer with eagerness. Mounted and armed, he was a very different man from Tom on a slow mule, without a weapon. Followed by the hound Hector, which he trusted implicitly, while Darling considered the dog an incumbrance in active service, he set forth, and presented himself at Yreka, as we have seen. The fact was that Tom, while anxious to serve his patroness, was equally anxious to turn an honest penny; and he had heard from all the citizens round that a bounty was offered on Modoc scalps. His reception by Col. W—— had undeceived him, and he resolved to "stick to business, and bring back Marse Dick."

For some time Tom rode north from Yreka toward the Lava Beds in a very leisurely manner, making frequent excursions to the right and left, and hunting for Darling's trail. On the hard ground of the prairie he might never have found it, had it not been for the assistance of the hound. Hector suddenly uttered a low yelp of joy, and set off at a swinging

gallop, with his nose to the ground, following the trail which his keen scent recognized as that of his master.

"Good hound, good ole Hec!" cried Tom, delighted. "Who says dat we can't track like all creation?"

And away galloped the darky after the dog, at a round rate of speed, the track of horses' feet appearing at intervals, the sagacious dog running steadily along, the scent "lying well," to use a phrase culled from the language of the prairie.

After nearly an hour of this sort of work, Hector made a dead stop; and appeared puzzled.

Then he ran slowly and hesitatingly along for some paces, and at last paused, threw up his head, and gave utterance to a long and mournful howl.

"Gorra mighty, wurra dat!" exclaimed Tom, as he looked down to find the cause of the dog's behavior.

To his surprise, appeared nothing singular. The hoof-tracks had vanished, or were so faint as to be scarcely discernible; yet it was evident that the hound could not have lost the scent. In fact, he had not. As if he had relieved his feelings by that howl, he set off on the track once more, and speedily put another mile between himself and Yreka.

Tom noticed, however, that he ran slowly and seemed uneasy. Every now and then he would half stop, turn his head to windward, and utter a low wail, till at last, as a puff of wind came from the north-east, Hector again stopped, threw up his head, and howled once more.

"Dat dog's got mo' sense dan half de Chris-sens," soliloquized Tom, scratching his head. "Whaf for he do dat, Ise wonnerin'."

Then, as a sudden idea struck him, he cried:

"Why, Tom Nelson, ef you isn't a foolis' nigger! You so anxious to catch Marse Dick you forget whaf you is. Dem's Injuns, and de dog smell 'um. He nebber act dat way widout dey was around."

The negro halted and cogitated. Then, taking a sudden resolution, he called the dog off the track, and spoke to him.

"Find de Injuns, good Hec, find dem; and we'se spoil deir leetle game. Dey's arter Marse Dick, jess so sho' as eggs is eggs."

The hound, with wonderful sagacity, appeared to understand the reason of the change of route; for he galloped off to windward, his head well up, no longer whining or baying, but "running mute." It was plain from his actions that the Indians could not be far off. Tom brought his rifle to the front in readiness and followed at a canter. As he topped the next swell, he came in sight of a scene that repaid him for his change of course. He had, indeed, arrived in the nick of time.

Not a mile off the rugged edges of the famous Lava Beds could be seen indenting the edge of the prairie, giving but little indication of the deep chasms and caves that existed below the surface. Tom stood by the brink of a long, narrow valley; and up it was coming, slowly riding back from the Lava Beds, Dick Darling himself, returning with the led mail-pony. But not fifty feet from the negro crouched a group of five Modocs behind a rock, waiting for the unsuspecting mail-carrier. Well was it for Dick that that presentiment of danger had crossed Charlotte's mind, and induced her to dispatch Tom on his track. In a moment the darky justified his patroness' choice. Up went his Spencer rifle to his shoulder before a Modoc had risen; and the biggest warrior fell dead.

Then there was a confused hurly-burly of shots, ending by fearless Dick coming galloping up, a revolver in each hand; and the result was summed up in the death of three Modocs, the wounding of Tom in several places, none of them deep, and the flight of the remaining pair of assassins among the cracks and fissures toward the Lava Beds, while the negro and Darling galloped safely back to camp.

Before they went, Tom religiously scalped each one of his fallen foes and then turning to

Darling, the blood streaming from his wounds, observed:

"Marse Dick, you isn't fit to take care of yourself. You jess better done gone git married. Missy Charlotte she send me to take care of you, and by golly you needs it, for ef it hadn't been for me, you'd done gone to hebbin dis day."

CHAPTER III.

"Now, Marse Dick," said Tom Nelson, as the mail-carrier and he sat at opposite sides of a little fire, in the Twelfth Infantry camp, a night or two after the murder of General Canby; "dis yer war ain't gwine to be got over so quick as dem folks in Yreka t'inks. It's berry well fo' General Gillem to gib big order, 'sterminate ebbery cussed Modoc,' but 'tain't so easy to do the 'sterminating dem fellers, Marse Dick. Now why for should you and I be loafin' 'roun' here, when we mout be out wid Missy Charlotte at Fairfield's, whar we is allers welcome, you know, Marse Dick. De season is gwine, and de corn and taters is not in, and dough fit in's mighty pooty work fo' leestle time, it get mighty tiresome to dis nigger."

Dick Darling laughed.

"If you're tired, you can go home, Tom. For my part, I volunteered to carry the mails during this business, and I don't intend to give up, till Captain Jack and all his pals are ironed in pairs."

"But den, what Missy Charlotte do?" asked Tom, shrewdly. He knew the right road to influence Darling. The young mail-carrier's face changed.

"What of her?" he asked. "I must do my duty without regard to her, and perform my agreement with the Government."

"But Missy Charlotte she send word by me, she want see Marse Dick, berry partickler," said Tom, stoutly.

"Did she say that?" asked Dick, eagerly.

"Yes, Marse Dick," replied the ducky, unblushingly; which was a tremendous lie on his part, and he knew it. But Tom was too anxious to get home, to hesitate at a falsehood, more or less, if it only secured his end.

The young mail-carrier mused a few minutes.

"Tom, I must certainly go see her," he said, in a low voice, "if I have to get leave."

"No need of dat, Marse Dick," said Tom, shrewdly. "No need let ebberybody in camp know your business. You an' me is gwine to Yreky to-morrer. Let's go roun' by Fairfield's ranche, an' pay our respos."

"A good idea, Tom. We'll do it. Time to go to sleep. Good-night."

When the first faint streaks of dawn were brightening in the east, Dick Darling and Tom Nelson were in the saddle, and riding slowly and cautiously out of the Lava Beds. So broken was the country, and so favorable for ambushes, that the young mail-carrier was compelled to take a different route every day, to escape assassination.

In the faint, dubious light, they struck down a narrow canon, which led them out on the plain in safety, just as the light became plain.

Dick Darling breathed freer when he came out on the open prairie. Bold as he was, there was something in the nature of the Modoc war, so horrible and bloodthirsty, something so gloomy and repulsive in those black Lava Beds, that it weighed upon the youth's senses like a nightmare.

"Come along, Tom," he cried, when they were at last on the prairie; "if we expect to reach Yreka by way of Fairfield's ranche, we'll have to stir round pretty lively."

And the two comrades, white and black, stretched rapidly off to the westward, in the direction of Fairfield's ranche. Not a sign of a Modoc was to be seen, and in three hours from the time they left camp, the huge live-oak that sheltered the gate of the ranche appeared in sight.

The hound Hector accompanied them; for since that faithful creature had twice saved his

master's life, by giving intelligence of approaching danger, Darling had consented to Tom's taking him along. Now, suddenly, the dog gave a furious bay, and darted forward toward the ranche at such lightning speed that he left the riders far behind.

"Marse Dick, dar's an Injun sneak in' roun' de ranche," said Tom, eagerly. "I knows dat dog's ways. Let's ride like sixty."

And away went the comrades toward the ranche at full gallop, following the dog, who ran straight as an arrow toward the great live-oak tree that grew near the ranche gate, baying loudly all the time.

Then they heard a great disturbance in the ranche, and out came old Fairfield, rifle in hand, roused by the dog. They saw him raise his rifle to his shoulder; and then, like a flash, out darted an Indian on foot from under the great tree, and ran like a deer across the prairie toward a clump of cottonwood a little way off. But that Indian was not destined to escape. The old agent leveled his rifle with a cool deliberation, and they saw a little puff of white smoke. The savage threw up his arms and fell dead with a shriek, just as the two daughters of Fairfield came running out of the gate, each bearing a rifle, in the style of true border heroines.

As the comrades galloped up, there was a scream of joyful recognition, and then Dick Darling was off his horse, and Charlotte Fairfield was in his arms. Tom Nelson rode round the ranche in company with old Fairfield to ascertain if any more Indians were concealed near by, but none were found. The old rancher returned on foot to the gate, while Tom took a wider circuit through the prairie on the look-out for sign of any kind. The slain Indian proved to be a Klamath, as they supposed, and the fact made Tom very uneasy, as it showed that the Klamaths must be growing bold from the impunity of the Modocs.

When he came back toward the tree, he felt sober and thoughtful, but the sight he beheld there was enough to cheer up a hermit in Lent. Charlotte and Dick were standing under the great live-oak with their hands clasped in each other's, while the girl appeared to be earnestly warning Dick not to expose himself to peril for her sake. But Tom started with surprise as he looked to the rear of the lovers; for there stood Sophy Fairfield, regarding them both with a gloomy, lowering brow.

Her father stood near her, watching them with grave approbation, and not seeing the expression of his youngest daughter's face. But Tom did; and the shrewd ducky understood the situation at a glance.

"Golly, dat light-haired gal as jealous of de dark one as she can be," he muttered. "Dey've both been pullin' caps for Marse Dick, and de dark one's got him. Golly, but I'se glad 'tain't my gal she's a-glowerin' at. She look as if she like to pisen her."

Here Dick called to him, laughingly:

"Tom, you've been lying to me, you rascal. You said that Miss Charlotte wanted to see me—"

"An' I guess as how she did, boss," was the grinning reply; "leastwise it look uncommon like it jess now. I nebber tells no lie, Marse Dick."

"But you told me she gave you a message, and she never did."

"Well, well, Dick, we might as well forgive him," said Charlotte, smiling; "for he brought you to me when I least expected you, and brought Hector, too, the good old dog, who saved us all from being murdered perhaps, for that Indian must have been only a spy from a larger body."

"And I'se t'inkin', Missy Charlotte," said Tom, gravely, "dat we'll have to be gittin' out of dis hyar ef dem fellers is roun', or we won't git safe to Yreky. Dey won't trouble dis hyar ranche no mo', but dey'll go fur de mail-carrier whenebber dey finds him."

"You say right, Tom," said Darling, with a sigh. "We must even part, but not, thank God, for long. 'Tis true, I run a great risk, but you must remember that the pay is pro-

portionate. Once let these Modocs be crushed, and I shall come here to you, with funds sufficient to stock our farm close to your father's and then we will all be happy."

It was not, however, for some hours after that the mail-carrier and his sable assistant took their departure. Old Fairfield insisted on feeding themselves and horses before they went, and then they rode away toward Yreka, Hector galloping slowly along at their horses' heels.

Charlotte stood at the gate, watching the retreating form of the mail-carrier, her arm entwined around the waist of Sophy. The latter had her head averted, and generous Charlotte, never seeming aware of the true state of the case, was pouring into her sister's ears Dick's praises. At last, as she was lamenting the hard fate that drove him away from them so often, Sophy turned and faced her with gleaming eyes, saying:

"You are not fit to have the love of a man like Dick Darling, when you let him go to danger as if you could not help it. If he loved me, do you suppose that I would let him go as you have? No; I would cling around his neck, so that he should leave all the world to stay with me. And all the world might go to ruin outside our home, so he would stay with me."

And the jealous girl burst into a flood of tears, and flung away into the house.

And so Charlotte Fairfield woke to the consciousness that her sister loved Dick Darling.

CHAPTER IV.

THE sun was high in the heavens over Fairfield's ranche, and the air hot, sultry and dry, when a young girl came to the gate of the stockade that surrounded the house, and tripped down to the spring on the other side of the great live-oak tree near the gate.

She was a tall, magnificently-formed girl, with long black hair that fell nearly to her waist; and she carried the pitcher balanced on her head with all the upright grace of an Arab maiden.

She had been gone but a moment, when a second girl came to the gate, equally beautiful in face and form, but the brightest of blondes, as her sister Charlotte was the darkest of brunettes.

Sophy Fairfield opened the gate softly, and looked forth. Hardly had she done so when she was startled by a rustling sound in the tree overhead; and looking up, gave a low scream of surprise and terror. The next moment, down out of the branches of the tree, where he had been hidden, dropped a tall Modoc warrior; and, not noticing Sophy at the gate, rushed to the other side of the tree, where Charlotte had gone to the spring.

It was the work of a second for quick-witted Sophy, used to frontier perils, to slam to and bar the gate, and to rush to the house for a weapon. She knew, none better, that it was useless for her to venture out and add one more to the victims of Indian barbarity. At such times selfishness is the only course for a woman, and not till Sophy was safe in the house did she feel that she might do something to save her sister from a terrible fate.

It was at the beginning of that sudden Modoc outbreak which startled and alarmed the whole country. As yet the settlers in the immediate vicinity of the scene of hostilities were slow to believe themselves in any danger. Sophy's father, old John Fairfield, had been Indian agent and trader so long that he had grown to think that no Indian would harm him. That very day he had ridden fearlessly away to Yreka, leaving his ranche unguarded, save by the two girls, as he had done hundreds of times before.

Sophy Fairfield knew that she had none but herself to depend upon, and she made her preparations with all the cool courage of a border girl. The house was secured against attack in a few minutes—it was a veritable frontier fortress, easily defended—then the brave girl took down her light rifle, girt herself with

a belt containing two revolvers and ammunition, and ascended to the roof of the house to survey the neighborhood.

The summit of the little dwelling was surmounted with a small structure of heavy logs, meant on purpose for sheltering an observer, and the girl found no difficulty in surveying the whole of the horizon.

She had not far to look for her sister. The whole neighborhood of the ranche was deserted; and the presence of two or three cows, grazing outside the stockade as quietly as if nothing had happened, was conclusive proof that the Indians must have departed, as cattle are always uneasy in their vicinity. But a glance out on the prairie revealed the sought-for object.

A single horse, with a double burden, was moving rapidly off to the north-west in the direction of the Lava Beds, and Sophy recognized the figure of the Modoc warrior, while the muffled-up bundle on the horse's croup could be none other than her captured sister.

A strange thrill went through the girl's heart, as she gazed. Her thoughts may be best guessed by the murmured words that fell from her lips.

"She is gone—by no fault of mine—they can not blame me—I did not do it—but I loved Dick first, and now it will not be wrong to love him—poor Charlotte will be killed, and he will be free to love me—I know he would if she had not come between us—they can not expect me to follow her alone—and Dick Darling will be mine."

It was a terrible temptation to the poor girl. Dick Darling, the Dashing Dick, darling of all the girls in the Far West, had won two hearts where he had thought to win but one; and had fallen as a brand of discord into the Fairfield family, making rivals of sisters, who, till then, had never held more than one common thought. Only the day before he had left them, to carry the mails from Yreka to the Lava Beds, and now Sophy's rival was vanishing before her eyes, and no blame could attach to her.

The girl watched the retreating figures with dry, blazing eyes for some time, and then turned hurriedly away, murmuring:

"No, no, I can not look longer—I shall go mad."

She ran down stairs to the little sitting-room, and threw herself on a chair, burying her face in her hands and sobbing. When she looked up, a sudden change came over her face, for the first thing that her eyes rested on was a staring portrait on the wall. It was but a daub, to cultivated eyes, but to hers, accustomed to it for years, it produced a shock, such as the best efforts of a Titian could not have compassed. It was the picture of two little girls, with arms entwined, playing with some flowers, herself and sister, as they were once.

It acted on the girl like a stroke of lightning. She jumped up and ran wildly out to the stables, screaming:

"Lotty! Lotty! Dear little sister, I'll die to save you—forgive me."

In a moment more, with trembling hands, she was taking down a saddle and hastily girthing it on her own fleet Indian pony. Ere the Modoc ravisher was out of sight from the ranche, Sophy was mounted and on his trail.

The Indian who had carried off Lotty Fairfield was a tall, muscular fellow, richly dressed, but unarmed, save for a bowie-knife. He found the girl at the spring; seized her with a grasp of iron, and enveloped her in a blanket, ere she could utter more than a single shriek of terror; then dashed her to the earth with a force that half-stunned her; and in a moment had bound a rope firmly round the blanket, securing it so strongly that escape became an utter impossibility. The daring ravisher then lifted her up like a log, threw her over his shoulder, and strode away to the cottonwood knicket. Here he found a fine horse fastened to a tree, which he led out, laid the helpless bundle over the croup of the animal, mounted

himself, and then fastened the girl to his waist with a long belt.

That done, he started off at a round trot, heading straight for the Lava Beds, and for some time rode on without uttering a word. About six miles from the ranche appeared a grove of live-oak, the central one of all being as gigantic as the one that sheltered the ranche gate. To this grove the Modoc directed his course, quietly dismounted there, and fastened his horse to a tree, then laid his captive on the ground, and spoke for the first time.

"Ha, Missy Lotty, you t'ink Shasta Jim big fool, but he no fool. Me Modoc brave, and me want pretty white squaw—by gosh, me have him now. Come, give Shasta a kiss, pooty Missy Charlotte."

As the scoundrel spoke, he drew the keen bowie-knife and cut a slit in the blanket, which he threw open, disclosing the face of poor Charlotte Fairfield, gazing apprehensively up at him.

"Aha, Missy Charlotte," said Shasta Jim, triumphantly; "you know Shasta. You know Hooker Tom, kill yesserday by ole man Fairfield. Now den, you be my squaw, I call him all right. If not, I cuts you into little bits just now. Ha, s'pose you like dat? Come, you be Shasta Jim's squaw; he gib you nice lodge, good hunter, plenty buff'lo, much heap eat; s'pose you say yes."

And the savage leered lovingly at his captive, who turned her eyes away, shuddering with loathing, but not daring to speak for fear of hastening her own destruction.

Shasta Jim was about to renew his efforts at entertainment, when he suddenly started and listened. The rapid tramp of a horse at full speed was coming over the prairie. Charlotte rolled herself over, so as to see who was coming, and recognized her own sister, with a rifle gleaming in her hand.

"Saved! It is Sophy!" she murmured, and fell back, as Shasta Jim sprung to his feet, looking uneasy. The Indian, as we have seen, was unarmed except for his knife. But Shasta was too old a warrior to run from a girl, at whatever disadvantage of arms. He waited silently by his captive, whom he held up with one arm as a shield from the expected shot, and kept his knife behind him, ready for action.

Sophy Fairfield galloped up to the savage, rifle in hand, and then wheeled away, as if disappointed. Like a tiger Shasta sprung after and caught her by the flowing skirt. She screamed and dropped her rifle, and Shasta let go the skirt to pounce on the weapon.

It proved to be only a ruse of Sophy's. Even as he stooped for the rifle the girl fired her pistol into his back, grazing him, and Shasta Jim, waiting for no second shot, dropped the stolen weapon and fled.

A moment later the sisters were in each other's arms, Sophy murmuring:

"Forgive me, Lotty darling, I'll never be jealous again. Be happy with Dick."

CHAPTER V.

THE sun was sloping down toward the westward, and casting long, black shadows from the gigantic live-oaks that surrounded Fairfield's ranche, when a tall, wiry young fellow, on a bay horse, followed by a tawny blood-hound with black muzzles, rode toward the stockade gate from the direction of Yreka. Any mountain man would have recognized this rider as the well-known Dick Darling, first Pony-Express Rider on the Overland Route, and now volunteer mail-carrier between Yreka and the Lava Beds, where lurked the Modocs.

As Darling neared the ranche a pleased smile lighted up his face, and he murmured to himself:

"They do not expect me; I shall give them a surprise; but nothing to what they will have soon. My innocent little girl, how they have blinded her to the truth! But now it will not be long ere we—Holloa! what's this?"

As he spoke he reined up near the gate, and looked in surprise at the turf around the little spring under the live-oak. It was all torn up

and trampled, as if by a struggle, a broken pitcher lay beside it, and the tracks of a horse at full speed led off into the prairie in the direction of the Lava Beds.

Dick Darling cast a hurried glance at the gate. It was wide open, and his dog ran in, and was questing about the yard. Not a human being was in sight around Fairfield's. Impatient and anxious, he rode in, calling out: "Fairfield! Lotty! Sophy! Where are you all?"

Nothing answered him but the echoes.

"By heavens!" he muttered, "there's Modoc craft in this, or I mistake. Some of Jack's band have been round here. How lucky I have Hector with me."

Then he rode hastily out of the deserted ranche, calling his dog; and soon stood by the scene of the late struggle. He spoke to the intelligent hound as if he was addressing a human being, saying:

"Hector, there's been trouble here. Some one has carried off your young mistress and her sister. Captain Fairfield's gone, and where I don't know. Find the fellow that carried off your mistress, boy. Seek him, Hector."

The great bloodhound looked up in his master's face with his head on one side, as if he understood every word. Then he turned round and bustled about over the trampled turf, snuffing and whining, till, at length, he threw up his head, and uttered a long, mournful howl of peculiar tone.

"Indians; I thought so," said Darling, nodding. "Seek them, boy."

Hector waved his tail slowly back and forth, and went off on the prairie at a long, swift lope, baying in low tones as he went, while Darling rode after him, rifle in hand.

Straight away from the setting sun he rode, bending to the north-east, the direction of the dreaded Lava Beds, wherein lay concealed Captain Jack and his band of savage Modocs. It was also the only road which was as yet unoccupied by troops, the only way of exit left to the savages out of the net of danger which surrounded them. None knew better than Darling that he was going every moment deeper into peril.

But, as he rode on, watching the dog, his thoughts were only absorbed by a single thought: "What had become of his friend Fairfield and his daughters?"

After half an hour's rapid riding, a clump of huge live-oaks looming up ahead, toward which the dog was making, announced that he was running his quarry to earth in all likelihood.

The young frontiersman cocked his rifle, increased his pace to a full gallop, and struck off on a circle so as to ride around the little grove. His experience told him that it most likely contained an enemy, and he did not wish to afford a skulking Modoc a chance of a cool shot.

The hound, separated from its master, kept on as straight as a die, dashed into the covert, baying loudly; and, a few moments after, out came three people at different points, all evidently roused by the dog.

Two of them were girls, mounted on a single horse. The third was an Indian warrior, coming out of the opposite side of the grove.

With a cry of joy Darling galloped toward the Indian, just as the two girls headed their single horse for Fairfield's ranche.

In another moment the faithful Hector bounded out of the wood and sprung savagely at the Indian on the other side. Darling threw his reins over his horse's neck, and fired a rapid shot out of his Spencer rifle at the Modoc. Like a flash, the other dropped over the side of his horse, swerved, and galloped away toward the very place whence the girls had emerged, still followed by the hound.

But the borderer noticed as he passed that the Indian had no gun, and recognized him as one of the bravest of the Modocs, Shasta Jim by name.

He could hardly understand the reason of the other for following the two girls, but he dashed after him, wasting no more useless shots, but striving to close.

Shasta Jim swept on at full speed to the very place whence the girls had come out, where he suddenly stooped down to the ground, and a moment later sprang in his saddle with a yell of triumph, waving in his right hand a rifle.

Too late! Darling saw the trick. The rifle had been there, lying on the ground, whoever it belonged to, and Shasta Jim had picked it up. Now it was a fair fight.

The Modoc did not continue his flight far. He only galloped out into the prairie to a sufficient distance to secure what sailors call an "offing," then turned his horse, and began to near Darling.

Both the antagonists rode at a slow canter in a spiral, gradually contracting their diameter to approach each other on the left hand, each keeping his cocked rifle at a "ready," and watching his opportunity.

Had there been no disturbing element in the contest, Darling would have fared badly; for Shasta Jim was accounted the best shot of his whole tribe.

But one antagonist was there, destined to bring the Modoc to an untimely end. It was the dog Hector, who, with almost human sagacity, now aided his master to some purpose.

White and red were within fifty paces of each other, both horses cantering smoothly and steadily, when Shasta Jim leveled his rifle. Hector, who had been galloping along by the near side of the Indian's horse, no longer giving tongue, sprang forward as the savage raised his piece. The dog uttered a startling bay, and seized Shasta by the leg. The rifle exploded harmlessly, and the bullet flew up to the sky as the Modoc, with a savage yell, turned on the dog.

In the same instant Dick Darling struck in his spurs and galloped in, delivering a single shot, when the muzzle of his piece was within three feet of Shasta's body.

With one last yell, the Modoc warrior threw up his arms and fell from his horse, as Hector let go his leg to seize him by the throat.

The riderless steed galloped away in terror, and the next moment Dick was off his horse, calling back Hector, and standing by the body of his slain enemy. Shasta Jim was quite dead.

Then the young man looked up, and beheld the two girls halted at a little distance, as if uncertain whether to stay or fly.

"Come on, young ladies," cried the young man; "the danger is past. This rascal will never insult you more."

Then, as if reassured, the two girls approached, and all was explained. Then Dick Darling learned, for the first time, that his friend Fairfield had gone out hunting that very morning; that in his absence Charlotte, the eldest sister, going to the spring for water, had been seized and carried off by Shasta Jim; that the gentle, golden-haired Sophy had turned heroine, armed herself, and gone in search of her sister, just in time to save her from the Modoc's insults; that the sudden appearance of the hound had frightened them all, so that Sophy actually dropped her rifle as she sprang to her horse; that Shasta Jim had been unarmed save for a knife, and had fled from her fire-arms. It thus became plain how the Indian must have been taken prisoner in some other place, from which he had escaped, unarmed, and had watched his opportunity when Sophy dropped her rifle.

Shasta's runaway horse was soon caught, and the three friends slowly rode back to Fairfield's ranche, talking over the occurrences of the day, and blessing the Providence that brought to the rescue in the right moment, Dick Darling and brave old Hector.

CHAPTER VI.

The land was quiet once more, and no longer did the settlers start in their sleep at the coyote's howl, thinking it the distant war-whoop of some scalping-party. The Modocs had surrendered at last, and Captain Jack was in irons, handcuffed to the assassin of poor Canby.

At Fairfield's ranche every thing was peaceful once more, the orange and lemon planta-

tions within the ring-fence were as trim as ever; the cattle were released from the corral, and the stockade gate was left swinging open, as in the days of peace.

Out in the garden two girls were walking, both strikingly beautiful, both in opposite styles. Their features were very similar, so alike that one could not fail to pronounce them sisters, but the coloring was essentially unlike. In the raven-black hair and sparkling dark eyes of Charlotte Fairfield, the elder, in the proud, resolute spirit that breathed from her whole face, could be read the race of her Spanish-American mother. In the wealth of flowing, golden hair that flowed over her sister's shoulders, in the large, liquid-blue eyes, with their mournful and appealing glance, the Saxon traits of her father's English ancestors were equally evident.

The sisters were both dressed in a style such as we in the East are not in the habit of associating with the supposed wilds of California, but which is an every-day matter to the wealthy farmers of the Pacific coast, where the soil brings forth riches such as our paler clime can not approach.

Charlotte's robe was dark and rich, suiting well her brunette beauty, and heavy coils of dark hair. Sophy's bright locks flowed loosely over a misty, white robe, enriched by a lace shawl of cobweb fineness. The two sisters strayed along in the garden, conversing quietly in low tones, their arms entwined around each other.

"How glad you must be, Lotty," said the younger, softly, "to think that the fighting is over at last, and your Dick safe. It seems to me that I could never be sufficiently thankful if such were my luck."

Charlotte turned and looked at her sister with a faint smile, as if half-amused, half-touched at something in the words.

"How do you know I am so lucky, Sophy?" she said. "Dick Darling is coming here, it is true, to settle close to us, and he has earned a heavy reward from the government for his services; but how do you know that I am the one to take Dick's fancy, child? He is dark, you know, and dark men generally fancy fair women."

Sophy turned her great blue eyes somewhat reproachfully on her sister, as she said, with a voice that trembled slightly:

"Lotty, this is no theme for jesting, my sister. You know—my secret—it is not kind of you to be playing with it. I would not treat you so, dear."

And she drew away her arm from her sister, as if deeply wounded. Charlotte Fairfield smiled affectionately, even while a tear was in her eye. As Sophy turned away her head, the elder sister threw both arms around her, and pressed her closely, exclaiming:

"Pardon me, pardon me, darling. We must not quarrel to-day. Why, Sophy, all the omens seem to point to your happiness to-day. See, you are dressed in white, and I in black. That scarf of lace, what is it, dear, but a bridal veil already made; and see, dear, we have stopped full in front of this orange bush in full bloom. Certainly, Sophy, all the signs say that you will be wedded first, dear."

"I don't see how or with whom," said Sophy, with a sigh.

"I'll tell you," cried Charlotte, gayly. "We will try it by divination. Do you not remember old aunt Chloe's way, with the orange and willow? See, here are both at hand, to try it with. Stay you there, stock-still, or it will break the charm."

With that she ran hastily to the orange-bush, and plucked a little spray of blossom, then broke off the end of a little branch of willow that had sprouted from the edge of the fountain hard by.

Returning to her sister, still smiling in her half-mysterious manner, she passed her arm around the other's neck, and sung in low tones:

Orange and willow we twine, we twine,
We that the Fates do be, do be;
We that the threads of life combine,
We that are sisters three, all three.

Orange and willow, on land and on billow,
Emblems of love are made, are made;
Orange-buds perfume the bride's downy pillow
Willow-wreath circles the loves that fade.

Orange and willow we cast in the air,
There let them fall at our feet, our feet;
Willow for her that is lonely to wear,
Orange-bud's snow-bloom the bride to greet.

In singing the last few lines, she cast both sprays high in air, and as they fell, pointed smilingly to the earth.

The orange-blossoms had fallen at Sophy's feet, at the very feet of Sophy, who stood, half-smiling, half-superstitious, watching the progress of the simple divination.

With a gay laugh Charlotte picked up the sprays and set one in her own hair, the orange-buds on Sophy's golden crown of tresses, crying:

"There, said I not so? You will be the bride, Sophy, and I must wear the willow. Does it not become me well, child? Nay, but the white blossom is shamed by your white forehead, my sister, and my black face—"

"Hush, hush!" said Sophy, half-crying. "I can not bear it any longer, Charlotte. You are mocking poor me, when you know that Dick is coming, this very day perhaps—"

"To crave the hand of Sophy Fairfield," said a clear, manly voice, just behind them, as the tall form of the renowned scout and rider, Dick Darling, sprang from behind the thick orange-bush, where he had been concealed.

"To crave the hand of Sophy Fairfield, as he has already secured the kind consent of her sister, and her father's blessing," continued Dick, falling on one knee before the trembling girl, who, pale as death, seemed almost ready to faint. "Oh, Sophy, dearest, you can not have been blind all this time to my love for you. You must have seen that it was you that I loved, and you alone—"

But here Sophy suddenly flushed up, and snatched away from the young man the hand which he held, saying, half-chokingly:

"For shame, Mr. Darling; for shame, Lotty, to combine together to make a jest of me, who never harmed you. Love me! Why, sir, you know that all this time your attentions have been paid to my sister in a manner that none could misconstrue. It is to her that you should speak, not me."

Darling laughed, and so did Charlotte. He sprang up, and passed his arm around Sophy, in spite of her faint resistance, saying:

"Dearest Sophy, I have spoken enough with her. Indeed, she made me beg-like a slave before she would give her consent to taking you away from home; and your father said that he would never give his consent till Charlotte had. She's been the cruellest creature you ever knew, Sophy. She wouldn't let me speak to you, or even look at you, till this Modoc trouble was over. She said that she would not have her sister's affections entangled with a man who might be cut to pieces at any moment. And so there was I loving you, my little dove, more than my life, yet compelled to keep away from you, and pretend to make love to her; for fear that you should be tempted to set your heart on me, and I might get killed. And now, tell me, dearest Sophy, am I mistaken that you return my love? Indeed I love you, and none but you; and Charlotte will tell you that I— Why, where is she?"

They both looked round, Sophy blushing scarlet, Darling pretending to be greatly surprised; but Charlotte had slipped off, leaving the lovers alone together, to discuss their differences.

That she had done so wisely was apparent, half an hour later, when Dick and his promised bride strolled into the house, and found it decked and in order, Charlotte in white, as a bridesmaid, her father in his best, and a grave, bearded gentleman in the uniform of a United States chaplain, waiting for them. To blushing Sophy it seemed an indecent hurry, but it became evident that the plot had been preconcerted with the others, for wedded were Dick and Sophy that very day, and there is not a finer ranche in all Northern California now than that of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Darling.

THE END.